THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD:

A

SCOTS

PASTORAL COMEDY.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A GLOSSARY. § NEW SONGS,
§ and
FAMILIAR EPIST. § FINE CUTS.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale ſopor feſſis in gramine, quale per æſtum
Dulcis aquæ ſaliente ſitim reſtinguere rivo.
VIRG.

PERTH:

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FROM
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1918

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

SUSANNA,

Countess of EGLINTON.

MADAM,

THE *love of approbation, and a desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the* Poets *to finish their designs with cheerfulness. But conscious of their own inability to oppose a storm of spleen and haughty ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious custom amongst them to chuse some honourable shade.*

Wherefore I beg leave to put my Pastoral *under your* Ladyship's *protection. If my* Patroness *says, The* Shepherds *speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild; I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the aukward censure of some pretending judges, that condemn before examination.*

I am sure of vast numbers that will crowd into your Ladyship's *opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their sentiments with the* Countess *of* EGLINTON, *whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment, shine with uncommon lustre, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.*

If it were not for offending only your Ladyship, *here,* Madam, *I might give the fullest liberty to my muse to delineate the finest of women, by drawing your* Ladyship's *character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer; since flattery lies not in paying what is due to merit, but in praises misplaced.*

Were I to begin with your Ladyship's *honourable birth and alliance, the field is ample, and presents us with numberless great and good patriots, that have*

dignified the names of KENNEDY *and* MONTGOMERY: *Be that the care of the Herald and the Hiſtorian. It is perſonal merit, and the heavenly ſweetneſs of the fair, that inſpire the tuneful lays. Here every* Leſbia *muſt be excepted, whoſe tongues give liberty to the ſlaves which their eyes had made captives. Such may be flattered; but your* Ladyſhip *juſtly claims our admiration and profoundeſt reſpect: For whilſt you are poſſeſſed of every outward charm in the moſt perfect degree, the never fading beauties of wiſdom and piety, which adorn your* Ladyſhip's *mind, command devotion.*

All this is very true, cries one of better ſenſe than good nature: But what occaſion have you to tell us the ſun ſhines, when we have the uſe of our eyes and ſee, and feel his influence;—Very true: but I have the liberty to uſe the poet's privilege, which is, To ſpeak what every body thinks. *Indeed there might be ſome ſtrength in the reflection, if the* Indian *regiſters were of as ſhort duration as life, But the* Bard *who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praiſe-worthy pleaſure in communicating to poſterity the fame of diſtinguiſhed characters.——I write this laſt ſentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear; But if I ſhall prove ſo happy as to pleaſe your* Ladyſhip *in the following attempt, then all my doubts ſhall evaniſh like a morning vapour; I ſhall hope to be claſſed with* Taſſo *and* Guarini; *and ſing with* Ovid,

If tis allow'd to poets to divine,
One half of round eternity is mine.

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhips moſt obedient,
and moſt devoted ſervant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TO THE
COUNTESS OF *EGLINTON*,
With the following
PASTORAL.

ACCEPT, O EGLINTON! the rural lays,
That, bound to thee, thy poet humbly pays:
The muſe, that oft has rais'd her tuneful ſtrains,
A frequent gueſt on *Scotia's* bliſsful plains;
That oft has ſung, her liſt'ning youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love,
Once more reſumes the ſtill ſucceſsful lay,
Delighted through the verdant meads to ſtray.
O! come, invok'd and pleas'd, with her repair,
To breathe the balmy ſweets of purer air,
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the ſtream, or in the rural ſhade;
Propitious, hear, and, as thou hear'ſt, approve
The *Gentle Shepherd's* tender tale of love.
Inſtructed from theſe ſcenes, what glowing fire
Inflame the breaſt that real love inſpires!
The fair ſhall read of ardors, ſighs, and tears,
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears.

Whence too, what paſſions in his boſom riſe!
What dawning gladneſs ſparkles in his eyes!
When firſt the fair one, piteous of his fate,
Kill'd of her ſcorn, and vanquiſh'd of her hate,
With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,
And bluſhing, beauteous, ſmiles the kind conſent!
Love's paſſion here in each extreme is ſhown,
In CHARLOT's ſmile, or in MARIA's frown.

With words like theſe, that fail'd not to engage,
Love courted beauty in a golden age;
Pure and untaught, ſuch nature firſt inſpir'd,
Ere yet the fair affected praiſe deſir'd.
His ſecret thoughts were undiſguis'd with art,
His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart.
He ſpeaks his loves ſo artleſs and ſincere,
As thy ELIZA might be pleas'd to hear.

Heav'n only to the *rural ſtate* beſtows
Conqueſt o'er life, and freedom from its woes:
Secure alike from envy and from care;
Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depreſs'd by fear:
Nor want's lean hand its happineſs conſtrains,
Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains.
No ſecret guilt its ſtedfaſt peace deſtroy,,
No wild ambition interupts its joys.
Bleſt ſtill to ſpend the hours that heav'n has lent'
In humble goodneſs, and in calm content.

Sincerely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
Sinleſs and pure, in fair HUMEIA's ſoul.
But now the *rural ſtate* theſe joys has loſt;
Ev'n ſwains no more that innocence can boaſt.
Love ſpeaks no more what beauty may believe,
Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
Now *Happineſs* forſakes her bleſt retreat,
The peaceful dwelling where ſhe fix'd her ſeat;
The pleaſing fields ſhe wont of old to grace,
Companion to an upright ſober race:
When on the ſunny hill, or verdant plain,
Free and Familiar with the ſons of men,
To crown the pleaſures of the blameleſs feaſt,
She, uninvited, came a welcome gueſt.
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
Brib'd from their innocence incautious hearts:
Then grudging hate and ſinful pride ſucceed,
Cruel revenge, and falſe unrighteous deed;
Then dow'rleſs beauty loſt the pow'r to move;
The ruſt of lucre ſtain'd the gold of love.
Bounteous no more, and hoſpitably good,
The genial hearth firſt bluſh'd with ſtrangers blood:
The friend no more upon the friend relies,
And ſemblant falſhood puts on truth's diſguiſe.
The peacful houſhould fill'd with dire alarms:
The raviſh'd virgin mourns her ſlighted charms:

The voice of impious mirth is heard around:
In guilt they feaſt, in guilt the bowl is crown'd:
Unpuniſh'd Violence lords it o'er the plains,
And *happineſs* forſakes the guilty ſwains.

Oh *happineſs!* from human ſearch retir'd,
Where art thou to be found, by all deſir'd:
Nun ſober and devout! why art thou fled,
To hide in ſhades thy meek contented head?
Virgin of aſpect mild! an why, unkind,
Fly'ſt thou, diſpleas'd, the commerce of mankind?
O! teach our ſteps to find the ſecret cell,
Where with thy ſire *Content*, thou lov'ſt to dwell.
Or ſay, doſt thou a duteous handmaid wait
Familiar at the chambers of the great?
Doſt thou purſue the noice of them that call
To noiſe revel, and to midnight ball?
Or the full banquet when we feaſt our ſoul,
Doſt thou inſpire the mirth, or mix the bowl?
Or, with th' induſtrious planter, doſt thou talk,
Converſing freely in an evening walk?
Say, does the miſer e'er thy face behold,
Watchful and ſtudious of the treaſur'd gold?
Seeks *Knowledge*, not in vain, thy much lov'd pow'r,
Still muſing ſilent at the morning hour?
May we thy preſence hope in war's alarms,
In STAIRS' wiſdom, or in ERSKINE's charms?

In vain our flatt'ring hopes our ſteps beguile,
The flying good eludes the ſearcher's toil:
In vain we ſeek the city or the cell,
Alone with virtue know's the Pow'r to dwell.
Nor need mankind deſpair theſe joys to know,
The gift themſelves may on themſelves beſtow.
Soon, ſoon we might the precious bleſſing boaſt;
But many paſſions muſt the bleſſing coſt;
Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
And envy, grieving at another's ſtate.
Revenge no more muſt in our hearts remain,
Our burning luſt, or avarice of gain.
When theſe are in the human boſom nurſt,
Can peace reſide in dwellings ſo accurſt?
Unlike, O Eglinton! thy happy breaſt,
Calm and ſerene, enjoys the heav'nly gueſt;
From the tumultuous rule of paſſion freed,
Pure in thy thought, and ſpotleſs in thy deed.
In virtues rich, in goodneſs unconfin'd,
Thou ſhin'ſt a fair example to thy kind;
Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name,
How ſwift to praiſe, how guiltleſs to defame?
Bold in thy preſence *Baſhfulneſs* appears,
And backward *merit* loſes all its fears.

Supremely bleſt by heav'n, heav'n's richeſt grace
Confeſt is thine, an early blooming race.
Whoſe pleaſing ſmiles ſhall guardian wiſdom arm,
Divine inſtruction! taught of thee to charm.
What tranſports ſhall they to thy ſoul impart
(The conſcious tranſports of a parent's heart)
When thou behold'ſt them of each grace poſſeſt,
And ſighing youths imploring to be bleſt!
After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
Or in the viſit or the dance to ſhine.
Thrice happy! who ſucceed their mother's praiſe,
The lovely EGLINTONS of other days.

Mean while purſue the following tender ſcenes,
And liſten to thy native poet's ſtrains;
In ancient garb the home-bred muſe appears,
The garb our muſes wore in former years;
As in a glaſs reflected, here behold
How ſmiling goodneſs look'd in days of old.
Nor bluſh to read where beauty's praiſe is ſhown,
Or virtuous love, the likeneſs of thy own;
While 'midſt the various gifts that gracious heaven,
To thee, in whom it is well pleas'd, has given,
Let this, O EGLINTON! delight thee moſt,
T' enjoy that *innocence* the world has loſt.

W. H.

PATIE and *ROGER:*

A

PASTORAL.

Inſcribed to

JOSIAH BURCHET, Eſq;

Secretary of the Admiralty.

THE nipping froſts and driving ſna
Are o'er the hills and far awa;
Bauld *Boreas* ſleeps, the *Zephyrs* blaw,
And ilka thing
Sae dainty, youthfu, gay, and bra,
Invites to ſing.

Then let's begin by creek of day;
Kind muſe, ſkiff to the bent away,
To try anes mair the landart lay,
With a' thy ſpeed,
Since *Burchet* awns that thou can play
Upon the reed.

Anes, anes again, beneath ſome tree,
Exert thy ſkill and nat'ral glee,

To him wha has ſae courteouſly,
To weaker ſight,
Set theſe rude ſonnets ſung by me
In trueſt light.

In trueſt light may a' that's fine
In his fair character ſtill ſhine;
Sma' need he has of ſangs like mine,
To beet his name:
For frae the North to Southern line,
Wide gangs his fame;

His fame, which ever ſhall abide,
While hiſt'ries tell of tyrants pride,
Wha vainly ſtrave upon the tide
T' invade theſe lands,
Where *Briton's* royal fleet doth ride,
which ſtill commands.

Theſe doughty actions frae his pen,
Our age, and theſe to come, ſhall ken,
How ſtubborn navies did contend
Upon the waves.

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11. *To weaker ſight, ſet theſe, &c.*] Having done me the honour of turning ſome of my paſtoral poems into Engliſh juſtly and elegantly.

21. *Frae his pen,*] His valuable Naval Hiſtory

How free-born *Britons* faught like men,
Their faes like ſlayes.

Sae far inſcribing, Sir, to you,
This country ſang, my fancy flew,
Keen your juſt merit to purſue;
But ah, I fear,
In giving praiſes that are due,
I grate your ear.

Yet tent a poet's zealous prayer;
May pow'rs aboon with kindly care
Grant you a lang and muckle ſkair
Of a' that's good.
Till unto langeſt life and mair
You've healthfu' ſtood.

May never care your bleſſings four,
And may the Muſes ilka hour
Improve your mind and haunt your bow'r:
I'm but a callan;
Yet may I pleaſe you, while I'm your
Devoted ALLAN.

The PERSONS.

MEN.

Sir William Worthy.

Patie, *The Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.*

Roger, *A rich young ſhepherd, in love with Jenny.*

Symon, Glaud, } *Two old ſhepherds, tenants to Sir William.*

Bauldy, *a hynd, engaged with Neps.*

WOMEN.

Peggy, *thought to be Glaud's Niece.*

Jenny, *Glaud's only daughter.*

Mauſe, *An old woman, ſuppoſed to be a witch.*

Elſpa, *Symon's Wife.*

Madge, *Glaud's ſiſter.*

SCENE, *A ſhepherd's village and fields, ſome few miles from* Edinburgh.

Time of Action, *Within twenty hours.*

THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

A

SCOTS

PASTORAL COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Beneath the ſouth-ſide of a craigy bield,
Where chriſtal ſprings their haleſome waters yield;
Twa youthfu' ſhepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and ſing.

PATIE and *ROGER*.

PATIE.

SANG I. The waking of the fauld.

MY Peggy is a young thing
Juſt enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day and ſweet as May,
Fair as the day and always gay,
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet weel I like to meet her at
The waking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſpeaks ſae ſweetly
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wiſh nae mair to lay my care,
I wiſh nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
To a' the leave I'm cauld:
But ſhe gars a' my ſpirits glow
At waking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly
Whene'er I whiſper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.

ACT I.
Scene I.
He Bleed has just enough even friendly Stage

My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld;
And naithing gies me ſic delight
As waking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the reſt it is confeſt,
By a' the reſt that ſhe ſings beſt,
My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
And in her ſangs are tald,
Wi' innocence, the wale of ſenſe,
At waking of the fauld.

THIS ſunny morning, Roger, chears my blood,
And puts a' nature in a jovial mood.
How hartſome is't to ſee the riſing plants!
To hear the birds chirm oe'r their pleaſing rants!
How haleſome is't to ſnuff the cawler air,
And a' the ſweets it bears, when void of care!
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gares thee grane?
Tell me the cauſe of thy ill-ſeaſon'd pain.

Rog. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate!
I'm born to ſtrive wi' hardſhips ſad and great.
Tempeſts may ceaſe to jaw the rowand flood,
Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins blood:

But I, oppreſt with never-ending grief,
Maun ay deſpair of lighting on relief.
Pat. The bees ſhall loathe the flow'r and quit
the hive,
The ſaughs on boggy ground ſhall ceaſe to thrive,
Ere ſcornfu' queans, or loſs of warldly gear,
Shall ſpill my reſt, or ever force a tear.
Rog. Sae might I ſay; but it's no eaſy done
By ane whaſe ſaul's ſae ſadly out of tune.
You ha'e ſae ſaft a voice and ſlide a tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and young.
If I but ettle at a ſang, or ſpeak,
They dit their lugs, ſyne up their leglens cleek;
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd wi' mony a vexing thought.
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a laſs's eye.
For ilka ſheep ye ha'e, I'll number ten,
And ſhould, as ane may think, come farer ben.
Pat. But ablins, nibour, ye ha'e not a heart,
And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part.
If that be true, what ſignifies your gear?
A mind that's ſcrimpit never wants ſome care.
Rog. My byar tumbled, nine bra' nout were
ſmoor'd,
Three elf-ſhot were; yet I theſe ills endur'd:

In winter laſt my eares were very ſma',
Tho' ſcores of wathers periſh'd in the ſna'.

Pat. Were your bein rooms as thinly ſtock'd as mine,
Leſs ye wad loſs, and leſs ye wad repine.
He that has juſt enough can ſoundly ſleep;
The o'ercome only faſhes fowk to keep.

Rog. May plenty flow upon thee for a croſs,
That thou may'ſt thole the pangs of mony a loſs!
O may'ſt thou dote on ſome fair naughty wench,
That ne'er will lowt thy lowan drouth to quench,
Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool!

Pat. Sax good fat lambs, I ſauld them ilka clut
At the Weſt-port, and bought a winſome flute,
Of plum-tree made, wi' iv'ry virls round,
A dainty whiſtle wi' a pleaſant ſound;
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
Than you, wi' a' your caſh, ye dowie fool.

Rog. Na, Patie, na! I'm nae ſic churliſh beaſt,
Some other thing lies heavier at my breaſt:
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my fleſh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

Pat. Now, to a friend, how ſilly's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your ſecrets kens!

Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad you hide
Your well-ſeen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.
Tak courage, Roger, me your ſorrows tell,
And ſafely think nane kens them but yourſel.

Rog. Indeed now, Patie, ye ha'e gueſs'd o'er true,
And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you;
Me, dorty Jenny looks upon a-ſquint,
To ſpeak but till her I dare hardly mint.
In ilka place ſhe jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd, and unco blate.
But yeſterday I met her 'yont a know,
She fled as frae a ſhelly-coated kow;
She Bauldy loes, Bauldy that drives the car;
But gecks at me, and ſays I ſmell of tar.

Pat. But Bauldy loes not her, right well I wat;
He ſighs for Neps:—Sae that may ſtand for that.

Rog. I wiſh I cou'd nae loo her:—but in vain;
I ſtill maun do't, and thole her proud diſdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like;
Even while he fawn'd, ſhe ſtrake the poor dum tike.
If I had ſill'd a nook within her breaſt,
She wad ha'e ſhawn mair kindneſs to my beaſt.
When I begin to tune my ſtock and horn,
Wi' a' her face ſhe ſhaws a cauldrife ſcorn.
Laſt night I play'd, (ye never heard ſic ſpite)
O'er Bogie was the ſpring, and her delight;

Yet tauntingly ſhe at her couſin ſpeer'd,
Gif ſhe could tell what tune I play'd, and ſneer'd,
Flocks wander where ye like, I dinna care;
I'll brak my reed, and never whiſtle mair.

Pat. E'en do ſae, Roger, wha can help miſluck,
Saebiens ſhe be ſic a thrawn-gabbat chuck?
Yonder's a craig: ſince ye ha'e tint all houp,
Gae til't your ways, and tak the lover's loup.

Rog. I need na mak ſic ſpeed my blood to ſpill;
I'll warrant death come ſoon enough a-will.

Pat. Daft gowk! leave aff that ſilly whinging way
Seem careleſs, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Hear how I ſerv'd my laſs I loe as weel
As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as leel.
Laſt morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring about:
I ſaw my Meg come linking o'er the lee;
I ſaw my Meg, but Meggy ſaw nae me;
For yet the ſun was wading through the miſt,
And ſhe was cloſe upon me ere ſhe wiſt:
Her coats were kiltit, and did ſweetly ſhaw
Her ſtraight bare legs that whiter were than ſnaw;
Her cockernony ſnoded up ſu ſleek;
Her haſſet locks hang waving on her cheek;
Her cheeks ſae ruddy, and her een ſae clear;
And O! her mouth's like ony hinny-pear.

Neat, neat ſhe was, in buſtine waſtecoat clean,
As ſhe came ſkiſſing o'er the dewy green.
Blythſome, I cry'd, My bonny Meg, come here;
I ferly wherefore ye're ſae ſoon aſteer:
But I can gueſs ye're gawn to gather dew:
She ſcowr'd awa, and ſaid, What's that to you?
Then fare ye weell, Meg-dorts, and e'ens you like'
I careleſs cry'd; and lap in o'er the dyke.
I trow, when that ſhe ſaw, within a crack,
She came wi' a right thievleſs errand back;
Miſca'd me firſt,—then bad me hound my dog
To wear up three waff ews ſtray'd on the bog.
I leugh, and ſae did ſhe; then wi' great haſte
I claſp'd my arms about her neck and waſte,
About her yielding waſte, and took a ſouth
Of ſweeteſt kiſſes frae her glowand mouth.
While hard and faſt I held her in my grips
My very ſaul came louping to my lips.
Sair, ſair ſhe ſtet wi' me 'tween ilka ſmack;
But well I kend ſhe meant nae as ſhe ſpake.
Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye ſae too, and never faſh your thumb.
Seem to forſake her, ſoon ſhe'll change her mood;
Gae wo8 anither, and ſhe'll gang clean wood.

SANG II. *Fy gar rub her o'er wi' ſtrae.*

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And anſwer kindneſs wi' a ſlight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect:
For women in a man delight;
But them deſpiſe who're ſoon defeat,
And wi' a ſimple face gi' way
To a repulſe---Then be not blate;
Puſh bauldly on, and win the day.
When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language o' their een:
If theſe agree, and ſhe perſiſt
To anſwer a' your love wi' hate,
Seek elſewhere to be better bleſt,
And let her ſigh when it's too late.

Rog. Kind Patie, now fair fa' your honeſt heart,
Ye're ay ſae cadgy, and ha'e ſic an art
To hearten ane: For now, as clean's a leek,
Ye've cheriſh'd me, ſince ye began to ſpeak.
Sae, for your pains, I'll make ye a propine,
(My mither, reſt her ſaul! ſhe made it fine)
A tartan plaid ſpun of good hawſlok woo',
Scarlet and green the ſets, the borders blew,

Wi' ſprainges like goud and ſiller, croſs'd wi' black;
I never had it yet upon my back.
Weel are ye wordy o't, who ha'e ſae kind
Red up my reve'ld doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Pat. Well, hald ye there:---and ſince ye've frankly made
A preſent to me of your braw new plaid,
My flute's be yours; and ſhe too that's ſae nice,
Shall come a will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

Rog. As ye adviſe, I'll promiſe to obſerv't,
But ye maun keep the flute, ye beſt deſerv't.
Now tak it out and gie's a bonny ſpring;
For I'm in tift to hear you play and ſing.

Pat. But firſt we'll tak a turn up to the height
And ſee gif a' our flocks be feeding right;
By that time bannocks, and a ſhave of cheeſe,
Will make a breakfaſt that a laird might pleaſe:
Might pleaſe the dantieſt gabs, were they ſae wiſe
To ſeaſon meat wi' health inſtead of ſpice.
When we hae taen the grace drink at this well,
I'll whiſtle fine, and ſing t'ye like myſell.

SCENE II.

A flowrie Howm between twa verdant braes,
Where laſſes uſe to waſh and ſpread their claes;

A trotting burnie whimpling thro' the ground,
Its channel pebbles ſhining ſmooth and round;
Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear;
Firſt pleaſe your eye, next gratify your ear;
While JENNY what ſhe wiſhes diſcommends,
And MEG, with better ſenſe, true love defends.

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jen. COME, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
This ſhining day will bleach our linen clean;
The water clear, the lift unclouded blue,
Will mak them like a lily wet wi' dew.

Peg Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
Where a' the ſweets of ſpring and ſimmer grow
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
The water fa's and maks a ſingan din;
A pool breaſt deep, beneath as clear as glaſs,
Kiſſes wi' eaſy whirles the bord'ring graſs:
We'll end our waſhing while the morning's cool;
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There waſh ourſells.---It's healthfu' now in May,
And ſweetly cauler on ſae warm a day.

Jen. Daft laſſie, when we're naked, what'll ye ſay,
Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,

And ſee us ſae? That jeering fallow Pate
Wad taunting ſay, Haith, laſſes, ye're no blate.
Peg. We're far frae ony road, and out o' ſight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height.
But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane)
What gars ye plague your wooer wi' diſdain?
The nibours a' tent this as well as I,
That Roger loes ye, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the beſt day e'er ye ſaw.
Jen. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end;
A herd mair ſheepiſh yet I never kend.
He kaims his hair indeed, and gaes right ſnug,
Wi' ribbon-knots at his blew bonet lug,
Whilk penſily he wears a thought a-jee,
And ſpreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee;
He faulds his o'erlay down his breaſt wi' care,
And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair:
For a' that, he can neither ſing nor ſay.
Except, *How d'ye?*——or *There's a bonny day.*
Peg. Ye daſh the lad wi' conſtant ſlighting pride;
Hatred for love is unco ſair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld:
What like's a dorty maiden when ſhe's auld?
Like dauted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
That for ſome feckleſs whim will orp and greet:

The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's paſt;
And ſyne the fool thing is oblig'd to faſt,
Or ſcart anither's leavings at the laſt.

SANG III. *Polwart on the green.*

The dorty will repent,
If lover's heart grow cauld;
And nane her ſmiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld.
The dauted bairn thus taks the pet,
Nor eats, tho' hunger crave;
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
And's laught at by the lave:
They jeſt it till the dinner's paſt;
Thus, by itſelf abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to faſt,
Or eat what they've refus'd.

Fy! Jenny, think, and dinna ſit your time.

Jen. I never thought a ſingle life a crime.

Peg. Nor I:—but love in whiſpers let us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men.

Jen. If Roger is my jo, he kens himſell,
For ſick a tale I never heard him tell.
He glowrs and ſighs, and I can gueſs the cauſe;
But wha's oblig'd to ſpell his hums and haws?

Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'le tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools that ſlav'ry like, and may be free.
The chiels may a' knit up themſelves for me.

Peg. Be doing your wa's; for me, I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jen. Heh, laſs! how can ye loo that rattle-ſkull?
A very de'il, that ay maun ha'e his will.
We'll ſoon hear tell what a poor fighting life
You twa will lead, ſae ſoon's ye're man and wife.

SANG IV. *O dear mither, what ſhall I do?*

O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to truſt his ſmiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Leſt a harder luck betide you.
Laſſes, when their fancy's carried,
Think of nought but to be married:
Running to a life deſtroys
Hartſome, free, and youthfu' joys.

Peg. I'll rin the riſk; nor ha'e I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langſome day a year,
Till I wi' pleaſure mount my bridal bed,
Where on my Patie's breaſt I'll lean my head.
There we may kiſs as lang as kiſſing's good,
And what we do there's nane dare ca' it rude.

He's get his will: Why no'? It's good my part
To gi' him that, and he'll gi'e me his heart.

Jen. He may indeed, for ten or ſixteen days,
Mak meikle o' ye wi' an unco fraiſe,
And daut you baith afore fowk and your lane:
But ſoon as his newfangleneſs is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-ſtake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your ſake.
Inſtead then of lang days of ſweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neiſt he'll flyte;
And may be, in his barlikhoods, ne'er ſtik
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

Peg. Sic coarſe-ſpun thoughts as thae want pith to move
My ſettled mind, I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want of him, I dread nae other ſkaith.
There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
Has ſic a ſmile, or ſic twa glancing een:
And then he ſpeaks wi' ſic a taking art,
His words they thirle like muſic throw my heart.
How blythly can he ſport, and gently rave,
And jeſt at feckleſs fears that fright the lave!
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle ſkill.

He is——but what need I ſay that or this?
I'd ſpend a month to tell ye what he is!
In a' he ſays or does, there's ſic a gate,
The reſt ſeems coofs, compar'd to my dear Pate.
His better ſenſe will lang his love ſecure:
Ill-nature heffs in ſauls that's weak and poor.

Jen. Hey bony laſs of Brankſome! or't be lang
Your witty Pate will put you in a ſang.
O? it's a pleaſing thing to be a bride;
Syne whingeing getts about your ingle-ſide,
Yelping for this or that wi' faſheous din:
To mak them brats then ye maun toil and ſpin.
Ae wean fa's ſick, ane ſcads itſell wi' broe,
Ane breaks his ſhin, anither tines his ſhoe:
The deel gaes our Jock Wabſter, hame grows hell.
When Pate miſca's ye war than tongue can tell.

PEGGY.

SANG V. *How can I be ſad on my wedding-day?*

How ſhall I be ſad when a huſband I hae,
That has better ſenſe than ony of thae
Sour weak ſilly fallows, that ſtudy, like fools,
To ſink their ain joy, and mak their wives ſnools.
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or wi' dull reproaches encourages ſtrife;

He praiſes her virtues, and never abuſe
Her for a ſmall failing, but find an excuſe.

Yes, it's a hartſome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young ſprouts are rife,
Gif I'm ſae happy, I ſhall ha'e delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow! Jenny, can there greater pleaſure be,
Than ſee ſic wee tots tooling at your knee;
When a' they ettle at,——their greateſt wiſh,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kiſs?
Can there be toil in tainting day and night
The like of them, when love makes care delight?

Jen. But poortith, Peggy, is the warſt of a':
Gif o'er your heads ill chance ſhould begg'ry draw,
But little love or canty chear can come
Frae duddy doublets and a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die;——the ſpate may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rocks of hay.—
The thick blawn wreaths of ſnaw, or baſhly thows,
May ſmoor your wathers, and may rot your ews.
A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheeſe,
But, or the day of payment, breaks and flees:
Wi' glooman brow the laird ſeeks in his rent,
It's not to gie; your merchant's to the bent:

His honour manna want, he poinds your gear:
Syne, driv'n frae houſe and hauld, where will ye
ſteer?
Dear Meg, be wiſe, and live a ſingle life;
Troth it's nae mows to be a married wife.
Peg. May ſic ill luck befa' that ſilly ſhe
Wha has ſic fears, for that was never me.
Let fowk bode well, and ſtrive to do their beſt;
Nae mair's requir'd; let heav'n make out the reſt.
I've heard my honeſt uncle aften ſay,
That lads ſhou'd a' for wives that's virtuous pray:
For the maiſt thrifty man never could get
A weel-ſtor'd room, unleſs his wife wad let.
Wherefore nocht ſhall be wanting on my part,
To gather wealth to raiſe my ſhepherd's heart.
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi canny care,
And win the vogue at market, trone, or fair,
For haleſome, clean, cheap, and ſufficient ware.
A flock of lambs, cheeſe, butter, and ſome woo,
Shall firſt be ſald, to pay the laird his due;
Syne a' behind's our ain.—Thus, without fear,
Wi' love and ruth we throw the warld will ſteer:
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll bleſs the day he gat me for his wife.
Jen. But what if ſome young giglet on the green,
Wi' dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,

Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg
And her kind kiſſes, hardly worth a feg?

Peg. Nae mair of that---Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's ſome men conſtanter in love than we.
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has bleſt them wi' ſolidity of mind.
They'll reaſon calmly, and wi' kindneſs ſmile,
When our ſhort paſſions wad our peace beguile.
Sae whenſoe'er they ſlight their maiks at hame,
It's ten to ane the wives are maiſt to blame.
Then I'll employ wi' pleaſure a' my art
To keep him chearfu', and ſecure his heart.
At ev'n, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will.
In winter, when he toils thro' wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-ſtane:
And ſoon as he flings by his plaid and ſtaff,
The ſeething pat's be ready to take aff:
Clean hag-a-bag I'll ſpread upon his board,
And ſerve him wi' the beſt we can afford.
Good-humour, and white bigonets, ſhall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jen. A diſh of married love right ſoon grows cauld,
And dozens down to nane as fowk grow auld.

Peg. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
The loſs of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns mak ſure a firmer tye
Then ought to love the like of us can ſpy.
See yon twa elms that grow up ſide by ſide;
Suppoſe them, ſome years ſyne, bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've preſt,
Till wide their ſpreading branches are increaſt
And in their mixture now are fully bleſt.
This ſheilds the other frae the eaſtlen blaſt,
That in return defends it frae the waſt.
Sic as ſtand ſingle,—(a ſtate ſae lik'd by you!)
Beneath ilk ſtorm, frae every airth, maun bow.

Jen. I've done—I yield, dear laſſie, I maun yield;
Your better ſenſe has fairly won the field,
With the aſſiſtance of a little fae,
Lyes darn'd within my breaſt this mony a day.

SANG VI. *Nanſy's to the green-wood gane.*

I yield, dear laſſie, you have won;
And there is nae denying,
That ſure as light flows frae the ſun,
Frae love proceeds complying.

For a' that we can do or ſay
'Gainſt love, nae thinker heeds us:
They ken our boſoms lodge the fae
That by the heart-ſtrings leads us.

Peg. Alake! poor priſ'ner!—Jenny, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air:
Haſte, let him out; we'll tent as weel's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

Jen. Anither time's as good;—for ſee the ſun
Is right far up, and we're no yet begun
To fraith the graith;—if canker'd Madge our aunt
Come up the burn, ſhe'll gie's a wicked rant.
But when we're done, I'll tell you a' my mind;
For this ſeems true,—nae laſs can be unkind.

Exeunt.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A ſnug thack-houſe, before the door a green: Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are ſeen.

On this ſide ſtands a barn, on that a byre:
A peet-ſtack joins, and forms a rural ſquare.
The houſe is Glaud's:—there you may ſee him lean,
And to his divot ſeat invite his frien'.

GLAUD and SYMON.

GLAUD.

GOod-morrow, nibour Symon;--come, ſit down,
And gie's your cracks.— What's a' the news in town?
They tell me ye was in the ither day,
And ſald your crummock and her baſſen'd quey.
I'll warrant ye've coft a pund of cut and dry;
Lug out your box, and gi's a pipe to try.

Sym. Wi' a' my heart;—and tent me now, auld boy,
I've gather'd news will kittle your mind wi' joy.
I cou'dna reſt till I came o'er the burn,
To tell ye things ha'e taken ſik a turn,
Will gar our vile oppreſſors ſtand like fleas,
And ſkulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

Gla. Fy, blaw! ah, Syme, ratling chiels ne'er ſtand
To cleck and ſpread the groſſeſt lies aff-hand.

Whilk ſoon flies round, like will-fire, far and near:
But looſe your poke, be't true or falſe let's hear.

Sym. Seeing's believing, Glaud; and I ha'e ſeen
Hab, that abroad has with our maſter been;
Our brave good maſter, wha right wiſely fled,
And left a fair eſtate, to ſave his head:
Becauſe ye ken fou well he bravely choſe
To ſtand his liege's freind wi' great Montroſe.
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; and ane ca'd Monk
Has play'd the Rumple a right ſlee begunk,
Reſtor'd King CHARLES, and ilka thing's in tune:
And Habby ſays, we'll ſee Sir William ſoon.

SANG VII. *Cauld kail in Aberdeen.*

Cauld be the rebels caſt,
Oppreſſors baſe and bloody;
I hope we'll ſee them at the laſt
Strung a' up in a woody.
Bleſt be he of worth and ſenſe,
And ever high in ſtation,
That bravely ſtands in the defence,
Of conſcience king and nation.

Gla. that maks me blyth indeed!--But dinna flaw;
Tell o'er your news again, and ſwear til't a':

And ſaw ye Hab! And what did Halbert ſay!
They ha'e been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame;
And his eſtate, ſay, he can eithly claim?

Sym. They that hag-raid us till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again;
And good Sir William ſall enjoy his ain.

Gla. And may he lang; for never did he ſtent
Us in our thriving, wi' a racket rent:
Nor grumbl'd, if ane grew rich; or ſhar'd to raiſe
Our mailens when we pat on ſunday's claiths.

Sym. Nor wad he lang, with ſenſeleſs ſaucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.
" Put on your bonnet, Symon;—tak a ſeat.—
" How's a' at hame?—How's Elſpa? how does Kate?
" How ſell's black cattle?—what gie's woo this year?—
And ſic-like kindly queſtions wad he ſpeer.

SANG. VIII. *Mucking of Geordy's byre.*

The laird wha in riches and honour
Wad thrive, ſhould be kindly and free,
Nor rack his poor tenants wha labour
To riſe abon poverty;

Elſe like the pack-horſe that's unſother'd,
And burdin'd, will tumble down faint:
Thus virtue by hardſhip is ſmother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.

Gla. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, and glaſſes clean,
Whilk in our breaſt rais'd ſic a blythſome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en rais'd! Dear nibour, will ye ſtay,
And tak your dinner here wi' me the day?
We'll ſend for Elſpa too——and upo' fight,
I'll whiſtle Pate and Roger frae the hight:
I'll yoke my ſled, and ſend to the neiſt town,
And bring a draught of ale baith ſtout and brown,
And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean,
Drink till they tine the gate to ſtand their lane.

Sym. I wadna bauk my friend his blyth deſign,
Gif that it hadna firſt of a' been mine:
For heer-yeſtreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
Yeſtreen I ſlew twa wathers, prime and fat;
A firlot of good cakes my Elſpa beuk,
And a large ham hings reeſting i' the nook:
I ſaw my ſell or I came o'er the loan,
Our meickle pat that ſcads the whey put on,
A mutton-bouk to boil:—and ane we'll roaſt;
And on the haggies Elſpa ſpares nae coſt:

Sma' are they ſhorn, and ſhe can mix fu' nice
The guſty ingans wi' a curn of ſpice;
Fat are the puddings,—heads and feet weel ſung.
And we've invited nibours auld and young,
To paſs this afternoon wi' glee and game,
And drink our maſter's health and welcome-hame.
Ye mauna then refuſe to join the reſt,
Since ye're my neareſt friend that I like beſt.
Bring wi' ye a' your family; and then,
Whene'er you pleaſe, I'll rant wi' you again.

Gla. Spoke like ye'rſell, auld-birky; never fear
But at your banquet I ſhall firſt appear.
Faith we ſhall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
Auld, ſaid I! troth I'm younger be a ſcore,
Wi' your good news, than what I was before,
I'll dance or e'en! Hey, Madge! come forth: d'ye hear?

Enter MADGE.

Mad. The man's gane gyte! Dear Symon, welcome here.
What wad ye, Glaud, wi' a' this haſte and din?
Ye never let a body ſit to ſpin.

Gla. Spin! ſnuff—Gae break your wheel, and burn your tow,
And ſet the meikleſt peet-ſtack in a low;

Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye dee,
Since now again we'll ſoon Sir William ſee.

Mad. Blyth news indeed! And wha was't tald you o't!

Gla. What's that to you?—Gae get my ſunday's coat;
Wale out the whiteſt of my bobbit bands,
My white-ſkin hoſe, and mittons for my hands;
Then frae their waſhin cry the bairns in haſte,
And mak ye'rſells as trig, head, feet, and waſte,
As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;
For we're gaun o'er to dine wi' Sym bedeen.

Sym. Do, honeſt Madge:—and Glaud, I'll o'er the gate,
And ſee that a' be done as I wad hae't.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The open field.---A cottage in a glen,
An auld wife ſpinning at the ſunny end——
At a ſmall diſtance, by a blaſted tree,
With faulded arms, and haff-rais'd loooks, ye ſee.

BAULDY his lane.

WHAT's this I canna bear't! its war than hell,
To be ſae brunt wi' love, yet darna tell!
O Peggy, ſweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens, or new-mawn hay;
Blyther than lambs that friſk out o'er the knows,
Straighter than ought that in the foreſt grows:
Her een the cleareſt blob of dew outſhines;
The lily in her breaſt it beauty times.
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth her een,
Will be my dead, that will be ſhortly ſeen!
For Pate looes her,—wae's me! and ſhe looes Pate;
And I wi' Neps, by ſome unlucky fate,
Made a daft vow;—O but ane be a beaſt
That maks raſh aiths till he's afore the prieſt!
I darna ſpeak my mind, elſe a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.
Its fair to thole;——I'll try ſome witchcraft art,
To break wi' ane, and win the other's heart.
Here Mauſy lives; a witch, that for ſma' price
Can caſt her cantrips, and gi' me advice.
She can o'ercaſt the night, and cloud the moon,
And mak the deils obedient to her crune.
At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yards ſhe raves,

R D.

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And howks unchriſten'd weans out of their graves;
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow,
Rins witherſhines about the hemlock low;
And ſeven times does her prayers backward pray
Till Plotcock comes wi' lumps of Lapland clay,
Mixt wi' the venom of black taids and ſnakes:
Of this unſonſy pictures aft ſhe makes
Of ony ane ſhe hates—and gars expire
Wi' ſlaw and racking pains afore a fire:
Stuck fu' of prins, the deviliſh pictures melt;
The pain, by fowk they repreſent, is felt.
And yonder's Mauſe; ay, ay, ſhe kens fu' weel,
When ane like me comes running to the deil.
She and her cat ſit beeking in her yard;
To ſpeak my errand, faith amaiſt I'm fear'd:
But I maun do't, though I ſhould never thrive;
They gallop faſt that de'il's and laſſes drive.

Exit

SCENE III.

A green kaill-yard; a little fount,
Where water popland ſprings;
There ſits a wife with wrinkl'd front,
And yet ſhe ſpins and ſings.

MAUSE.

SANG IX. *Carle, an' the king come.*

Peggy, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come;
Thou may dance, and I ſhall ſing,
Peggy, ſince the king's come.
Nae mair the hawkies ſhalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiding-coat for ſilk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, ſince the king's come.

Enter BAULDY.

Baul. HOW does auld honeſt lucky of the glen?
Ye look baith hail and fere at threeſcore ten.

Mau. E'en twining out a threed wi' little din,
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the ſun.
What brings my bairn this gate ſae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead?—to threſh nae corn?

Baul. Enough of baith:—but ſomething that requires
Your helping hand, employs now a' my cares.

Mau. My helping hand! alake what can I do,
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

Baul. Ay, but ye're wiſe, and wiſer far than we
Or maiſt part of the pariſh tells a lie.
Mau. Of what kind wiſdom think ye I'm poſ-
ſeſt,
That lifts my character aboon the reſt?
Baul. The word that gangs, how ye're ſae wiſe
and fell,
Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I ſhou'd tell.
Mau. What fowk ſay of me, Bauldy, let me hear;
Keep naething up, ye naething ha'e to fear.
Baul. Weel, ſince ye bid me, I ſhall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about ye, but a flaw.
When laſt the wind made Glaud a rooſleſs barn;
When laſt the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
When Brawny elf-ſhot never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirn'd, and there nae butter came;
When Beſſy Freelock's chuſſe-cheeked wean
To a fairy turn'd, and cou'd na ſtand its lane;
When Watie wander'd ae night thro' the ſhaw,
And tint himſelf amaiſt among the ſnaw;
When Mungo's mare ſtood ſtill, and ſwat wi' fright,
When he brought eaſt the howdy under night;
When Bawly ſhot to dead upon the green,
And Sara tint a ſnood was nae mair ſeen:
You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out,
And ilk ane here dreads ye a' round about:

And ſae they may that mint to do ye ſkaith;
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:
But when I neiſt mak grots, I'll ſtrive to pleaſe
You wi' a furlot of them, mixt wi' peaſe.

Mau. I thank ye, lad.—Now tell me your demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Baul. Then I like Peggy.—Neps is fond of me.—
Peggy likes Pate;—and Pate is bauld and flee,
And looes ſweet Meg.--But Neps I downa ſee.--
Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then
Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happieſt man.

Mau. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right:
Sae gang your ways, and come again at night;
'Gainſt that time I'll ſome ſimple things prepare,
Worth a' your peaſe and grots; tak ye nae care.

Baul. Well, Mauſe, I'll come, gif I the road can find:
But if ye raiſe the de'il, he'll raiſe the wind;
Syne rain and thunder, may be, when it's late,
Will mak the night ſae mirk, I'll tine the gate.
We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feaſt,
O! will ye come like Badrans, for a jeſt;
And there ye can our different 'haviours ſpy;
There's nane ſhall ken o't there but you and I.

Mau. It's like I may;—but let na on what's paſt
'Tween you and me, elſe fear a kittle caſt.

Baul. If I ought o' your ſecrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

Exit Bauldy.

MAUSE her lane.

Hard luck, alake; when poverty and eild,
Weeds out of faſhion, and a lanely beild:
Wi' a ſma' caſt of wiles, ſhould in a twitch,
Gi' ane the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled witch.*
This fool imagines, as do mony ſic,
That I'm a wretch in compact wi' Auld Nic;
Becauſe by education I was taught
To ſpeak and act aboon their common thought.
Their groſs miſtake ſhall quickly now appear;
Soon ſhall they ken what brought, what keeps me here;
Nane kens but me;—and, if the morn were come
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' ſing dumb.

Exit.

SCENE IV.

Behind a tree, upon the plain,
PATE *and his* PEGGY *met;*

In love, without a vicious ſtain,
The bonny laſs and chearfu' ſwain,
Change vows and kiſſes ſweet.

PATIE and PEGGY.

Peg. O Patie, let me gang, I mauna ſtay,
We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny ſhe's away.

Pat. I'm laith to part ſae ſoon; now we're alane,
And Roger he's awa wi' Jenny gane:
They're as content, for ought I hear or ſee,
To be alane themſelves, I judge, as we.
Here, where Primroſes thickeſt paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.
Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads!
How ſaft the weſtlin winds ſough thro' the reeds:

Peg. The ſcented meadows,—birds,—and healthy breeze,
For ought I ken, may mair than Peggy pleaſe.

Pat. Ye wrang me ſair, to doubt my being kind
In ſpeaking ſae, ye ca' me dull and blind;
Gif I could fancy ought ſae ſweet or fair
As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath is ſweeter than the ſweeteſt brier;
Thy cheek and breaſt the fineſt flow'rs appear.

Pr'ythee, let me go, I wanna stay.

Thy words excel the maiſt delightfu' notes
That warble thro' the merl or mavis' throats.
Wi' thee I tent nae flow'rs that buſk the field,
Or ripeſt berries that our mountains yield.
The ſweeteſt fruits that hing upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kiſs of thee.

Peg. But Patrick, for ſome wicked end, may fleech,
And lambs ſhou'd tremble when the foxes preach;
I darna ſtay;—ye joker, let me gang;
Anither laſs may gar ye change your ſang;
Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang.

Pat. Sooner a mother ſhall her fondneſs drap,
And wrang the bairn ſits ſmiling on her lap;
The ſun ſhall change, the moon to change ſhall ceaſe,
The gaits to clim,—the ſheep to yield the fleece,
Ere ought by me be either ſaid or done,
Shall ſkaith our love;—I ſwear by a' aboon.

Peg. Then keep your aith:—But mony lads will ſwear,
And be manſworn to twa in half a year.
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if a fairer face your heart ſhou'd ſteal,

Your Meg, forſaken, bootleſs might relate
How ſhe was dauted anes by faithleſs Pate.

Pat. I'm ſure I canna change; ye needna fear;
Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a year.
I mind it weel, when thou cou'dſt hardly gang,
Or liſp out words, I choos'd you frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the Tanſy-know, or raſhy-ſtrand,
Thou ſmiling by my ſide:——I took delite
To pu' the raſhes green, wi' roots ſae whits;
Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet a flow'ry belt and ſnood.

Peg. When firſt thou gade wi' ſhepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ews firſt try'd my ſkill;
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bought at e'en I met with thee.

Pat. When corns grew yellow, and the hether bells
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and riſing fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whins, e'er troubl'd me,
Gif I cou'd find blae-berries ripe for thee.

Peg. When thou didſt wreſtle, run, or put the ſtane,
And wan the day, my heart was flightering fain!

At a' thae ſports thou ſtill gave joy to me;
For nane can wreſtle, run, or put with thee.

Pat. Jenny ſings ſaſt the *Broom of Cowdenknows*,
And Roſie lilts the *Milking of the ews*;
There's nane like Nanſy, *Jenny Nettles* ſings;
At turns in *Maggy Lauder*, Marrion dings;
But when my Peggy ſings, wi' ſweeter ſkill,
The *Boat-man*, or the *Laſs of Patie's Mill*,
It is a thouſand times mair ſweet to me;
Tho' they ſing weel, they canna ſing like thee.

Peg. How eith can laſſes trow what they deſire!
And roos'd by them we love, blaws up that fire:
But wha loves beſt, let time and carriage try;
Be conſtant, and my love ſhall time defy.
Be ſtill as now; and a' my care ſhall be,
How to contrive what pleaſant is for thee.

The foregoing, with a ſmall variation, was ſung at the acting as follows.

SANG X. *The Yellow-hair'd ladie.*

When firſt my dear ladie gade to the green hill,
And I at ew-milking firſt ſey'd my young ſkill,
To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd wi' thee.

PATIE.

When corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blue hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland, and ſweet riſing ſells
Nae birns, briers, or breckens, gave trouble to me
If I ſound the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wreſtled, or putted the ſtane,
And came aff the victor, my keart was ay fain:
Thy ilka ſport manly gave pleaſure to me;
For nane can putt, wreſtle, or run ſwift, as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny ſings ſaftly the Cowden-broom-knows,
And Roſey lilts ſweetly the milking of the ews;
There's few Jenny Nettles *like Nanſy can ſing;*
At Thro'-the-wood-ladie, *Beſs gars our lugs ring:*
But when my dear Peggy ſings wi better ſkill,
The Boat-man, Tweed-ſide, or the Lads of the mill,
It's many times ſweeter and pleaſant to me;
For tho' they ſing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY

How eaſy can laſſes trow what they deſire!
And praiſes ſae kindly increaſes love's fire:
Gi'e me ſtill this pleaſure, my ſtudy ſhall be,
To make myſelf better and ſweeter for thee.

Pat. Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave;
At naught they'll ferly,——ſenſeleſs tales believe;
Be blyth for ſilly heights, for trifles grieve:——
Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize or yet prove true,
But thou, in better ſenſe, without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excels them a':
Continue kind; and a' my care ſhall be,
How to contrive what pleaſing is for thee.

Peg. Agreed.—But harken! yon's auld aunty's cry;
I ken they'll wonder what can make us ſtay.

Pat. And let them ferly ---Now, a kindly kiſs,
Or fiveſcore good anes wad na be amiſs;
And ſyne we'll ſing the ſang wi' tunefu' glee,
That I made up laſt owk on you and me.

Peg. Sing firſt, ſine claim your hire.

Pat.——————Well, I agree.

SANG XI.

PATIE ſings.

By the delicious warmneſs of thy mouth,
And rowing eyes that ſmiling tell the truth,

I gueſs, my laſſie, that, as well as I,
You're made for love; and why ſhould you deny?

PEGGY ſings.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confeſs o'er ſoon,
Ye think us cheap, and ſyne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit, will taſte but hard and ſowr.

PATIE ſings.

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their ſweetneſs they may tine; and ſae may ye.
Red-cheeked you completely ripe appear,
And I ha'e thold and woo'd a lang haff-year.

PEGGIE ſinging, falls into Patie's arms.

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I ſa'
Into my Patie's arms, for good and a',
But ſtint your wiſhes to this kind embrace,
And mint nae farrer till we've got the grace.

PATIE. (with his left hand about her waiſt.)

O charming armfu'! hence, ye cares, away
I'll kiſs my treaſure a' the live-lang day;

A' night I'll dream my kiſſes o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sung by both.

Sun, gallop down the weſtlin ſkies,
Gang ſoon to bed, and quickly riſe;
O laſh your ſteeds, poſt time away,
And haſte about our bridal day!
And if ye're wearied, honeſt light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon ſpreading lime,
And tent a man whoſe beard ſeems bleach'd wi' time;
An elvand fills his hand, his habit mean;
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been.
But whiſht! it is the knight in maſcurad,
That comes hid in this cloud to ſee his lad.

Obſerve how pleas'd the loyal ſufferer moves
Thro' his auld av'news, anes delightfu' groves.

Sir WILLIAM ſolus.

THE gentleman thus hid in low diſguiſe,
I'll for a ſpace unknown delight mine eyes
With a full view of every fertile plain,
Which once I loſt, which now are mine again.
Yet, 'midſt my joys, proſpects pain renew,
Whilſt I my once fair ſeat in ruins view,
Yonder, ah me! it deſolately ſtands,
Without a roof; the gates fallen from their bands;
The caſements all broke down; no chimney left;
The naked walls of tap'ſtry all bereft:
My ſtables and pavilions, broken walls,
That with each rainy blaſt decaying falls:
My gardens, once adorn'd the moſt complete,
With all that nature, all that art makes ſweet;
Where, round the figur'd green the peeble walks,
The dewy flowr's hang nodding on their ſtalks:
But, overgrown with nettles, docks, and briers,
No Jaccacinths or Englintons appear.
How do thoſe ample walls to ruin yeild,
Where peach and nect'rine branches found a beild,

And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use!
All round in gaps, the most in rubbish ly,
And from what stands the withered branches fly.
These soon shall be repair'd;—and now my joy
Forbids all grief,—when I'm to see my boy,
My only prop, and object of my care,
Since heav'n too soon call'd home his mother fair:
Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
Till we should see what changing times brought forth.
Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,
After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
With other shepherds, whistling o'er the day.
Thrice happy life, that's from ambition free!
Remov'd from crowns and courts, who cheerfully
A quiet contented mortal spends his time,
In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crimes!

Or sung as follows.

SANG XII. *Happy Clown.*

Hid from himself, now by the dawn
He starts as fresh as roses blawn;

And ranges o'er the heights and lawn
After his bleeting flocks.
Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants and whiſtles out the day;
Untaught to ſmile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.
Life happy, from ambition free,
Envy, and vile hypocriſy,
Where truth and love with joys agree,
Unſullied with a crime:
Unmov'd with what diſturbs the great,
In propping of their pride and ſtate;
He lives, and unafraid of fate,
Contented ſpends his time.

Now tow'rds good Symon's houſe I'll bend my way,
And ſee what makes yon gamboling to-day;
All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gayly dance and ſing.

Exit.

SCENE II.

It's Symons houſe, pleaſe to ſtep in,
And viſſy 't round and round;
There's nought ſuperfluous to give pain,
Or coſtly to be found.

Yet all is clean: a clear peat-ingle
Glances amidſt the floor;
The green-horn ſpoons, beech-luggies mingle
On ſkelfs foregainſt the door.
While the young brood ſport on the green,
The auld anes think it beſt,
Wi' the brown cow to clear their een,
Snuff, crack, and tack their reſt.

SYMON, GLAUD and ELSPA.

Gla. WE anes were young ourſels.---I like to ſee
The bairns bob rouud wi' other merrilie.
Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a ſtrapan lad.
And better looks than his I never bade.
Amang the lads he bears the gree awa',
And tells his tale the cleverеſt of them a'.
Elſp. Poor man! he's a great comfort to us baith:
God mak him good, and hide him ay frae ſkaith.
He is a bairn I'll ſay't well worth our care,
That ga'e us ne'er vexation late or air.
Gla. I trow, goodwife, if I be not miſta'en,
He ſeems to be wi' Peggy's beauty ta'en.
And troth my niece is a right dainty wean,

As ye weel ken: a bonnier needna be,
Nor better,—be't ſhe were nae kin to me.

Sym. Ha! Glaud, I doubt that will ne'er be a match:
My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch:
And or he were, for reaſons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt wi' the mools myſell.

Gla. What reaſon can ye have? there's nane, I'm ſure,
Unleſs ye may caſt up that ſhe's but poor:
But gif the laſſie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind.
Fourſcore of breeding ews of my ain birn,
Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,
I'll gi'e to Peggy that day ſhe's a bride;
By and attour, gif my good luck abide,
Ten lambs at ſpaining-time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I'll early to them give.

Elſp. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud; but dinna ſpear
What may be is not fit ye yet ſhou'd hear.

Sym. Or this day aught days likely he ſhall learn,
That our denial diſna ſlight his bairn.

Gla. Weel, nae mair o't;—come, gi'es the other bend;
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

Their healths gae round.

Sym. But will ye tell me, Glaud, by ſome it's, ſaid,
Your niece is but a foundling, that was laid
Down at your hallon-ſide, ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay?
Gla. That clatteran Madge, my titty, tells ſic flaws,
When'er our Meg her canker'd humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. O father! there's an auld man on the green,
The felleſt fortune-teller e'er was ſeen:
He tents our loofs, and ſyne whops out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, and gi'es our brows a look;
Syne tells the oddeſt tales that e're ye heard.
His head is grey, and lang and grey his beard.
Sym. Gae bring him in; we'll hear what he can ſay:
Nane ſhall gang hungry by my houſe to-day.
Exit Jenny.

But for his telling fortunes, troth I fear
He kens nae mair of that than my grey-mear.

Gla. Spae-men! the truth of a' their ſaws I doubt;
For greater liars never ran thereout.
Returns Jenny, *bringing in* Sir William; *with them* Patie.

Sym. Ye're welcome, honeſt carle; here take a ſeat.
S. Wil. I give ye thanks, goodman; I'ſe no be blate.

Glaud *drinks.*

Come t'ye, friend:—How far came ye the day?
S. Wil. I pledge ye, nibour;--e'en but little way:
Routted wi' eild, a wee piece gate ſeems lang;
Twa mile or three's the maiſt that I dow gang.
Sym. Ye're welcome here to ſtay a' night wi' me,
And tak ſic bed and board as wi' can gie.
S. Wil. That's kind unſought.—Well, gin ye ha'e a bairn
That ye like weel, and wad his fortune learn.
I ſhall employ the fartheſt of my ſkill
To ſpae it faithfully, be't good or ill.
Symon *pointing to* Patie.
Only that lad;—alake! I ha'e nae mae.
Either to mak me joyfu' now or wae.

S. Wil. Young man, lets ſee your hand;—what gars ye ſneer?

Pat. Becauſe your ſkill's but little worth I fear.

S. Wil. Ye cut before the point.—But, Billy, bide,
I'll wadger there's a mouſe-mark on your ſide.

Elſ. Betouch-us-too?—and weel I wat that's true;
Awa, awa! the deil's our grit wi' you.
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever ſeen ſince he firſt wore a ſark.

S. Wil. I'll tell ye mair; if this young lad be ſpar'd
But a ſhort while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

Elſ. A laird!—Hear ye, goodman? what think ye now!

Sym. I dinna ken: ſtrange auld man, what art thou?
Fair fa' your heart; it's good to bode of wealth:
Come turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

Patie's *health gaes round.*

Pat. A laird of twa good whiſtles, and a kent,
Twa curs, my truſty tenants on the bent,

Is a' my great eſtate---and like to be:
Sae cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.
Sym. Whiſht, Patie,---let the man look o'er your hand;
Aft-times as broken a ſhip has come to land.
Sir William *looks a little at* Patie's *hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.*

Elſ. Preſerve's! the man's a warlock, or poſſeſt
Wi' ſome nae good,---or ſecond ſight, at leaſt:
Where is he now?———
Gla.———————He's ſeeing a' that's done
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.
Elſ. Thae ſecond-ſighted fowk (His peace be here;)
See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
As I can ſee my thumb.—Wow, can he tell
(Spear at him, ſoon as he comes to himſell)
How ſoon we'll ſee Sir William? Whiſht, he heaves,
And ſpeaks out broken words, like ane that raves,
Sym. He'll ſoon grow better;---Elſpa, haſte ye, gae
And fill him up a toſs of uſquebae.

Sir WILLIAM ſtarts up, and ſpeaks.

A knight that for a LYON fought
Againſt a herd of bears,
Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
In which ſome thouſands ſhares.
But now again the LYON rares,
And joy ſpreads o'er the plain:
The LYON has defeat the bears,
The knight returns again.
That knight, in a few days, ſhall bring
A ſhepherd frae the fauld,
And ſhall preſent him to his king,
A ſubject true and bald.
He Mr PATRICK *ſhall be call'd:*
All you that hear me now,
May well believe what I have tald
For it ſhall happen true.

Sym. Friend, may your ſpaeing happen ſoon and weel;
But, faith, I'm red you've bargain'd wi' the dei'l,
To tell ſome tales that fowks wad ſecret keep:
r do ye get them tald ye in your ſleep?

S. Wil. Howe'er I get them, never faſh your beard;
Nor come I to redd fortunes for reward;
But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,
That all I propheſy ſhall ſoon appear.

Sym. You propheſying fowks are odd kind men!
They're here that ken, and here that diſna ken,
The whimpled meaning of your unco tale,
Whilk ſoon will make a noiſe o'er moor and dale.

Gla. It's nae ſma' ſport to hear how Sym believes,
And taks't for goſpel what the ſpae-man gives
Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate:
But what we wiſh, we trow at ony rate.

S. Wil. Whiſht, doubtfu' carle; for ere the ſun
Has driven twice down to the ſea,
What I have ſaid ye ſhall ſee done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Gla. Weel, be't ſae friends, I ſhall ſay naething mair;
But I've twa ſonſy laſſes young and fair,
Plump ripe for men: I wiſh you cou'd foreſee
Sic fortunes for them might prove joy to me.

S. Wil Nae mair throw' ſecrets I can ſift,
Till darkneſs black the bent:

I have but anes a day that gift;
Sae reſt a while content.

Sym. Elſpa, caſt on the claith, fetch but ſome meat,
And of your beſt gar this auld ſtranger eat.

S. Wil. Delay a while your hoſpitable care;
I'd rather enjoy this ev'ning calm and fair,
Around you ruin'd tow'r to fetch a walk,
With you, kind friend, to have ſome private talk.

Sym. Soon as you pleaſe I'll anſwer your deſire:
And, Glaud, you'll tak your pipe beſide the fire;
We'll but gae round the place, and ſoon be back,
Syne ſup together, and tak our pint, and crack.

Gla. I'll out a while, and ſee the young anes play.
My heart's ſtill light, albeit my locks be grey.

Exeit

SCENE III.

JENNY pretends an errand hame;
Young ROGER draps the reſt,
To whiſper out his melting flame,
And thow his laſſie's breaſt.
Behind a buſh, weel hid frae ſight, they meet:
See, JENNY's *laughing;* ROGER's *like to greet.*
Poor Shepherd!

ROGER and JENNY.

Rog. DEAR Jenny, I wad ſpeak t'ye, wad ye let;
And yet I ergh ye're ay ſae ſcornfu' ſet.
Jen. And what wad Roger ſay, if he cou'd ſpeak?
Am I oblig'd to gueſs what ye're to ſeek!
Rog. Yes, ye may gueſs right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my ſervice, ſighs, and langing een.
And I man out wi't, tho' I riſk your ſcorn;
Ye're never frae mythoughtsbaith ev'n and morn.
Ah! cou'd I loo you leſs, I'd happy be;
But happier far, cou'd you but fancy me.
Jen. And wha kens, honeſt lad, but that I may?
Ye canna ſay that e'er I ſaid you nay.
Rog. Alake! my frighted heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell you out my tale,
For fear ſome tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has won your love, and near your heart may ly.
Jen. I loo my father, couſin Meg I love;
But to this day, nae man my mind could move:
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me;
And frae ye a' I beſt had keep me free.

Rog. Howlang, dear Jenny?--ſayna that again;
What pleaſure can ye tak in giving pain?
I'm glad, however, that ye yet ſtand free;
Wha kens but ye may rue, and pity me?

Jen. Ye have my pity elſe, to ſee ye ſet
On that whilk makes our ſweetneſs ſoon forget.
Wow! but we're bonny, good, and every thing;
How ſweet we breathe, whene're we kiſs, or ſing!
But we're nae ſooner fools to gi'e conſent,
Than we our daffin and tint pow'r repent;
When priſon'd in four wa's, a wife right tame,
Altho' the firſt, the greateſt drudge at hame.

Rog. That only happens, when, for ſake o' gear,
Ane wales a wife as he wad buy a mear:
Or when dull parents, bairns together bind,
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind
But love, true downright love, engages me,
Tho' thou ſhou'd ſcorn,—ſtill to delight in thee.

Jen. What Sugar'd word's frae wooers lips can fa'!
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've ſeen, wi' ſhining fair, the morning riſe,
And ſoon the ſleety clouds mirk a' the ſkies.
I've ſeen the ſiller ſprings a while rin clear,

And ſoon in moſſy puddles diſappear:
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may ſmile
But ſoon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Rog. I've ſeen, the morning riſe wi' faireſt light
The day unclouded ſink in calmeſt night.
I've ſeen a ſpring rin whimpling thro' the plain,
Increaſe and join the ocean without ſtain.
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may ſmile;
Rejoice thro' life, and a' your fears beguile.

Jen. Were I but ſure you lang wou'd love maintain,
The feweſt words my eaſy heart could gain:
For I maun own, ſince now at laſt you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company;
And ever had a warmneſs in my breaſt,
That made ye dearer to me than the reſt.

Rog. I'm happy now! o'er happy; had my head!——
This guſt of pleaſure's like to be my dead.
Come to my arms! or ſtrike me! I'm a fir'd
Wi' wond'ring love! let's kiſs till we be tir'd
Kiſs, kiſs! we'll kiſs the ſun and ſtarns away,
And ferly at the quick return o' day.
O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
And briſs thy bonny breaſts and lips to mine.

Which may be ſung as follows,

SANG XIII. *Leith-wynd.*

JENNY.

Were I aſſured you'd conſtant prove,
You ſhould nae mair complain;
The eaſy mind, beſet wi' love,
Few words will quickly gain:
For I muſt own, now ſince you're free,
This too fond heart of mine,
Has lang, a black-ſole true to thee,
Wiſh'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

I'm happy now; ah! let my head
Upon thy breaſt recline;
The pleaſure ſtrikes me near-hand dead;
Is Jenny then ſae kind?
O let me briſs thee to my heart,
And round my arms entwine:
Delightfu' thought! we'll never part
Come, preſs thy mouth to mine.

Jen. With equal joy my eaſy heart gi'es way,
To own thy weel-try'd love has won the day.

Now, by thae warmeſt kiſſes thou haſt tane,
Swear thus to love me when by vows made ane.

Rog. I ſwear by fifty thouſand yet to come,
Or may the firſt ane ſtrike me deaf and dumb;
There ſhall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If you agree wi' me to lead your life.

SANG XIV. O'er Bogie.

JENNY.

Weel, I agree, you're ſure o' me;
Next to my father gae:
Mak him content to gie conſent,
He'll hardly ſay you nay:
For you have what he wad be at,
And will commend you weel,
Since parents auld think love grows cald,
When bairns wants milk and meal.

Should he deny, I carena by,
He'd contradict in vain;
Tho' a my kin had ſaid and ſworn,
But thee I will hae nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like thoſe in high degree:
And if ye prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae fault in me.

Rog. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow Nowt,
As mony newcal in my byers rowt;
Five pack of woo' I can at Lammas ſell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell:
Gude twenty pair o' blankets for our bed,
Wi' meikle care, my thrifty mither made.
Ilk thing that maks a hartſome houſe and tight,
Was ſtill her care, my father's great delight.
They left me a'; which now gie's joy to me,
Becauſe I can gi'e a, my dear, to thee:
And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny ſhou'd the ſamen ſkair.
My love and a' is yours; now had them faſt,
And guide them as ye like, to gar them laſt.

Jen. I'll do my beſt.---But ſee wha comes this way,
Patie and Meg;---beſides I manna ſtay:
Let's ſteal frae ither now, and meet the morn;
If we be ſeen, we'll drie a deal o' ſcorn.

Rog. To where the ſaugh-tree ſhades the mennin-pool,
I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool:
Keep triſte, and meet me there;-there let us meet
To kiſs and tell our love; --there's nought ſae ſweet.

SCENE IV.

This ſcene preſents the KNIGHT *and* SYM
Within a gallery of the place,
Where a' looks ruinous and grim;
Nor has the Baron ſhewn his face,
But joking wi' his ſhepherd leel,
Aft ſpeers the gate he kens ſu' weel.

Sir WILLIAM *and* SYMON.

S. Wil. TO whom belongs this houſe, ſo much decay'd?

Sym. To ane that loſt it, lending gen'rous aid,
To bear the head up, when rebellious tail
Againſt the laws of nature did prevail.
Sir William worthy is our maſter's name,
Whilk fills us a' wi' joy, now *He's come hame.*
(*Sir* William *draps his maſking-beard;*
Symon, *tranſported, ſees,*
The welcome knight, with fond regard,
And graſps him round the knees.)
My maſter! my dear maſter!--do I breathe
To ſee him healthy, ſtrong, and free frae ſkaith!
Return'd to chear his wiſhing tenant's ſight,
To bleſs his SON, my charge, the world's delight!

S. Wil. Riſe, faithful Symon; in my arms enjoy

ACT III.
Scene IV.
To whom belongs this knave so much decayd.

A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy:
I came to view thy care in this diſguiſe,
And I'm confirm'd thy conduct has been wiſe;
Since ſtill the ſecret thou'ſt ſecurely ſeal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.
Sym. The due obedience to your ſtrict command
Was the firſt lock:--neiſt, my ain judgment fand
Out reaſons plenty; ſince, without eſtate,
A youth, tho' ſprung frae kings, looks baugh and blate.
S. Wil. And aften vain and idly ſpend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, paſt their prime,
Hang on their friends: which gives their ſouls a caſt,
That turns them downright beggars at the laſt.
Sym. Now, well I wat, Sir, ye ha'e ſpoken true;
For there's laird Kytie's ſon that's loo'd by few:
His father ſteght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about fornan frae place to place,
As ſcrimp of manners as of ſenſe and grace;
Oppreſſing a', as puniſhment of their ſin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin:

Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's ſae unjuſt
To his ain fam'ly, as to gi'e him truſt. (wealth
S. Wil. Such uſeleſs branches of a common
Shou'd be lopt off, to give a ſtate more health,
Unworthy bare reflection.—Symon, run
O'er all the obſervations of my ſon:
A parent's fondneſs eaſily finds excuſe;
But do not, with indulgence, truth abuſe.
Sym. To ſpeak his praiſe, the langeſt ſummer day
Wad be o'er ſhort,—cou'd I them right diſplay
In word and deed he can ſae weel behave,
That out o' ſight he rins afore the lave;
And when there's e'er a quarrel or conteſt,
Patrick's made judge, to tell whaſe cauſe is beſt;
And his decreet ſtands good;--he'll gar it ſtand,
Wha dares to grumble, finds his correcting hand;
Wi' a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudeſt of our herds obey. (proceed,
S. Wil. Your tale much pleaſes--my good friend
What learning has he? Can he write and read?
Sym. Baith wonder weel; for, troth, I didna
To gi'e him at the ſchool, enough o' lear (ſpare
And he delites in books:-he reads, and ſpeaks;
Wi' fowks that ken them, Latin words and
Greeks.

S. Wil. Where gets he books to read?--and of what kind?
Tho' ſome give light, ſome blindly lead the blind.
Sym When'er he drives our ſheep to Edinburgh port,
He buys ſome books, of hiſt'ry, ſangs, or ſport:
Nor does he want o' them a rowth at will,
And carries ay a pouchfu' to the hill.
About ane Shakeſpear, and a famous Ben,
He often ſpeaks, and ca's them beſt of men.
How ſweetly Hawthrenden and Stirling ſing,
And ane ca'd--Cowley, loyal to his king,
He kens fu' weell, and gars their verſes ring.
I ſometimes thought he made o'er great a phraſe
About fine poems, hiſtories, and plays.
When I reprov'd him anes,--a book he brings,
Wi' this, quoth he, on braes I crack wi' kings.
S. Wil. He anſwer'd well: and much ye glad my ear
When ſuch accounts I of my ſhepherd hear.
Reading ſuch books can raiſe a peaſant's mind
Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.
Sym. What ken we better, that ſae ſindle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book;
When we a leaf or twa haff read, haff ſpell,
Till a' the reſt ſleep round, as weel's ourſell?

S. Wil. Well jeſted, Symon.--But one queſtion more
I'll only aſk ye now, and then give o'er.
The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
Flihtger arround young hearts, like cooingdoves;
Has nae young laſſie, with inviting mien,
And roſy cheeks, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

Sym. I fear'd the worſt, but kent the ſma' part,
Till late, I ſaw him twa three times mair ſweet
Wi' Glaud's fair niece, than I thought right or meet:
I had my fears; but now hae nought to fear,
Since like yourſell your ſon will ſoon appear.
A gentleman, enrich'd wi' a theſe charms,
May bleſs the faireſt, beſt born lady's arms.

S. Wil. This night muſt end his unambitious fire,
When higher views ſhall greater thoughts inſpire,
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me:
None but yourſelf ſhall our firſt meeting ſee.
Yonder's my horſe and ſervants nigh at hand,
They come juſt at the time I gave command;
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dreſs:
Now ye the ſecret may to all confeſs.

Sym. Wi' how much joy I on this errand flee,

There'snane can know, that is not downrightme.

Exit Symon.

Sir WILLIAM ſolus.

When the event of hope ſucceſsfully appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years;
A thouſand toils are loſt in Lethe's ſtream,
And cares evaniſh like a morning dream;
When wiſh'd-for pleaſuresriſe like morning light,
The pain thats paſt enhances the delight.
Theſe joys I feel, that words can ill expreſs,
I ne'er had known, without my late diſtreſs.
But from his ruſtic buſineſs and love,
I muſt in haſte my Patrick ſoon remove,
To courts and camps that may his ſoul improve.
Like the rough di'mond, as it leaves the mine,
Only in little breaking ſhews its light,
'Till artful poliſhing has made it ſhine;
Thus education makes the genius bright.

End of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

The ſcene deſcrib'd in former page,
Glaud's onſet.——Enter Mauſe and Madge.

Mad. OUR laird's come hame! and owns young Pate his heir.

Mau. That's news indeed!———

Mad. ———————As true as ye ſtand there.
As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard
Five nives in length, and white as driven ſnaw.
Amang us came, cry'd *Had ye merry a'*.
We ferly'd meickle at his unco look,
While frae his pouch he whirled forth a book.
As we ſtood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fix't on Pate his een:
Then pawkily pretended he cou'd ſpae,
Yet for his pains and ſkill wad naething ha'e.

Mau. Then ſure the laſſes, and ilk gaping coof,
Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

Mad. As faſt as flaes ſkip to the tate of woo,
Whilk flee tod-lowry hads without his mou'.
When he, to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In ſimmer days ſlides backward in a pool:
In ſhort, he did for Pate braw things foretell,
Without the help of conjuring or ſpell.
At laſt, when weel diverted, he withdrew,
Pu'd aff his beard to Symon: Symon knew
His welcome maſter;---round his knees he gat,
Hang at his coat, and ſyne, for blythneſs, grat.
Patrick was ſent for; happy lad was he!
Symon tald Elſpa, Elſpa tald it me.

Ye'll hear out a' the ſecret ſtory ſoon:
And troth it's e'en right odd, when a' is done,
To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no ſae meikle as to Pate himſell.——
Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has loſt her jo.
Mau. It may be ſae; wha kens? and may be no.
To lift a love that's rooted, is great pain:
Even kings ha'e tane a queen out o' the plain;
And what has been before, may be again.
Mad. Sic nonſenſe! love take root, but tocher-good,
'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane o' gentle blood!
Sic faſhions in king Bruce's days might be;
But ſiccan ferlies now we never ſee.
Mau. Gif Pate forſakes her, Bauldy ſhe may (gain:
Yonder he comes, and vow but he looks fain!
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.
Mad. He get her! ſlavarin coof; it ſets him weel
To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to teel:
Gif I were Meg, I'd let young maſter ſee——
Mau. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he.
And ſo wad I, But whiſht, here Bauldy comes.

Enter B A U L D Y *ſinging.*

JENNY *ſaid to* JOCKY, *gin ye winna tell,*

Ye ſhall be the lad, I'll be the laſs myſell;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a laſſie free;
Ye're welcomer to take me than to let me be.

I trow ſae.—Laſſes will come too at laſt,
Tho' for a while they maun their ſnaw-ba's caſt.

Mau. Well, Bauldy, how gaes a'?

Baul.——————Faith unco right:
I hope we'll a' ſleep ſound but ane this night.

Mad. And wha's the unlucky ane, if we may aſk;

Baul. To find out that, is nae difficult taſk;
Poor bonny PEGGY, wha man think nae mair
On Pate, turn'd PATRICK, and Sir WILLIAM's heir.
Now, now, good Madge, and honeſt Mauſe, ſtand be
While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me.
I'll be as kind as ever Pate cou'd prove;
Leſs wilfu', and ay conſtant in my love. (thorn,

Mad. As Neps can witneſs, and the buſhy
Where mony a time to her your heart was ſworn:
Fy! Bauldy, bluſh, and vows of love regard;
What ither laſs will trow a manſworn herd?
The curſe of heaven hings ay aboon their heads,
That's ever guilty of ſic ſinfu' deeds.
I'll ne'er adviſe my niece ſae gray a gate;
Nor will ſhe be advis'd, fu' weel I wat.

Baul. Sae gray a get! ma nſworn! and a' the reſt!
Ye lee'd, auld roudes—and, in faith, y' had beſt
Eat in your words; elſe I ſhall gar ye ſtand
Wi' a het face afore the haly band. (brock;
Mad. Ye'll gar me ſtand! ye ſheveling-gabbit
Speak that again, and trembling, dread my rock,
And ten ſharp nails, that, when my hands are in,
Can flyp the ſkin o' ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.
Baul. I tak ye witneſs, Mauſe, ye heard her ſay,
That I' m manſworn;—I winna let it gae.
Mad. Ye're witneſs too, he ca'd me bony names,
And ſhou'd be ſerv'd as his good-breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog!——

Flees to his hair like a fury.—A ſtout battle.—
Mauſe *endeavours to redd them.*

Mau. Let gang your grips, fy, Madge! howt,
Bauldy leen:
I wadna wiſh this tulzie had been ſeen;
It's ſae daft like.———

Bauldy *gets out of* Madge's *clutches with a bleeding noſe.*

Mad.———It's dafter like to thole
An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal:
It ſets him weel, wi' vile unſcrapit tongue,
To caſt up whether I be auld or young;

They're aulder yet than I have married been,
And or they died their bairns bairns have ſeen.
Mau. That's true; and Bauldy ye was far to blame,
To ca' Madge ought but her ain chriſten'd name.
Baul. My lugs, my noſe, and noddle finds the ſame.
Mad. Auld roudes! filthy fallow; I ſall auld ye.
Mau. Howt no!—ye'll e'en be friends wi' honeſt Bauldy.
Come, come, ſhake hands; this maun nae farther gae:
Ye maun forgie 'm. I ſee the lad looks wae.
Baul. In troth now, Mauſe, I hae at Madge nae ſpite:
But ſhe abuſing firſt, was a' the wite
Of what has happen'd; and ſhould therefore crave
My pardon firſt and ſhall acquittance have.
Mad. I crave your pardon! gallows-face, gae greet,
And own your fault to her that ye wad cheat;
Gae, or be blaſted in your health and gear,
'Till ye learn to perform as well as ſwear. (tell?
Vow, and lowp back!—was e'er the like heard
Swith, take him de'il, he's o'er lang out of hell.

BAULDY *running off.*

His preſence be about us! curſt were he
That were condemn'd for life to live wi' thee.
Exit. Bauldy.

MADGE *laughing.*

I think I've towzl'd his harigalds a wee;
He'll no ſoon grein to tell his love to me.
He's but a raſcal that would mint to ſerve
A laſſie ſae, he does but ill deſerve. (for't;
Mau. Ye towz'd him tightly,—I commend ye
His blooding ſnout gae me nae little ſport:
For this forenoon he had that ſcant of grace,
And breeding baith,—to tell me to my face
He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna ſtand
To lend him in this caſe my helping hand. (bear,
Mad. A witch!—How had ye patience this to
And leave him een to ſee or lugs to hear? (mine
Mau. Auld wither'd hands and feeble joints like
Obliges fowk reſentment to decline;
Till aft its ſeen, when vigour fails, then we
With cunning can the lack of pith ſupply.
Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,
Syne bade him come, and we wad gang to wark:
I'm ſure he'll keep his tryſte; and I came here,
To ſeek your help, that we the fool may fear.
Mad. And ſpecial ſport we'll hae, as I proteſt;

Ye'll be the witch, and I ſhall play the ghaiſt;
A linen ſheet wond round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane, and ſhake my head;
We'll ſleg him ſae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A-conjuring to do a laſſie wrang. (night,

Mau. Then let us gae; for ſee, it's hard on
The weſtlin clouds ſhines red wi' ſetting light.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough;
And the green ſwaird grows damp wi' falling dew;
While good Sir William is to reſt retir'd;
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inſpir'd;
Walks thro' the broom with Roger ever leel;
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak fareweel.

Rog. WOW! but I'm cadgie, and my heart lowps light;
O, Mr Patrick! ay your thoughts were right:
Sure gentle fowk are farer ſeen than we
That naething hae to brag o' pedigree.
My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding,—ſweet,—and nae mair ſcorn.
I ſpake my mind—ſhe heard—I ſpake again,
She ſmil'd—I kiſs'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Pat. I'm glad to hear't—But O! my change this day
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm ſometimes wae.
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an eſtate that lifts me 'boon the lave.
Wi' looks a kindneſs, words that love confeſt,
He a' the father to my ſoul expreſt,
While cloſe he held me to his manly breaſt.
Such were the eyes, he ſaid, thus ſmil'd the mouth
Of thy lov'd mother, bleſſing of my youth;
Who ſet too ſoon!—And while he praiſe beſtow'd,
Adown his graceſu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail;
That ſpeechleſs lang, my late kend ſire I view'd,
While guſhing tears my panting breaſt bedew'd.
Unuſual tranſports made my head turn round,
Whilſt I myſell, wi' riſing raptures, found
The happy ſon of ane ſo much renown'd.
But he has heard!—too faithful Symon's fear
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear:
Which he forbids.—Ah! this confounds my peace,
While thus to beat, my heart ſhall ſooner ceaſe.

Rog. How to adviſe ye troth I'm at a ſtand:
But were't my caſe, ye'd clear it up aff-hand.
Pat. Duty, and haſten reaſon, plead his cauſe:
But what cares love for reaſon, rules, and laws?
Still in my heart my ſhepherdeſs excells,
And part of my new happineſs repells.

SANG XV. *Kirk wad let me be.*

Duty, and part of reaſon,
Plead ſtrong on the parent's ſide,
Which love ſo ſuperior calls treaſon,
The ſtrongeſt muſt be obey'd:

For now tho' I'm ane of the gentry,
My conſtancy falſhood repells:
For change in my heart has no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excells.

Rog. Enjoy them baith.—Sir William will be won:
Your Peggy's bonny;—you're his only ſon.
Pat. She's mine by vows, and ſtronger ties of love;
And ſrae theſe bands nae change my mind ſhall move.
I'll wed nane elſe; thro' life I will be true;
But ſtill obedience is a parent's due.

Rog. Is not our maſter and yourſell to ſtay
Amang us here?—or are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us wi' broken hearts?

Pat. To Edinburgh ſtraight to-morrow we advance;
To London neiſt; and afterwards to France,
Where I muſt ſtay ſome years, and learn to dance.
And twa three ither monkey-tricks.—That done
I come hame ſtrutting in my red-heel'd ſhoon.
Then it's deſign'd, when I can weel behave,
That I maun be ſome petted thing's dull ſlave,
For ſome few bags of caſh, that, I wat weel,
I nae mair need nor carts do a third weel.
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear ſic news, ſhall hear my death.

Rog. They wha hae juſt enough can ſoundly ſleep:
The o'ercome only faſhes fowk to keep.

Good Mr Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

Pat. What was my morning thought, at night's the ſame:
The poor and rich but differ in the name.
Content's the greateſt bliſs we can procure
Frae 'boon the lift.—Without it, kings are poor.

Rog. But an eſtate like yours yields braw content,
When we but pick it ſcantly on the bent:
Fine claiths, ſaft beds, ſweet houſes, and red wine,
Good cheer, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine;
Obeyſant ſervants, honour, wealth, and eaſe;
Wha's no content wi' thae, are ill to pleaſe.

Pat. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks nae far amiſs;
But a cloud hings hov'ring o'er the bliſs.
The paſſions rule the roaſt,—and, if they're ſow'r,
Like the lean ky, will ſoon the fat devour.
The ſpleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Stang like the ſharpeſt goads in gentry's ſide.
The gouts and gravels, and the ill diſeaſe,
Are frequenteſt with fowk o'erlaid with eaſe;
While o'er the moor the ſhepherd, wi' leſs care,
Enjoys his ſober wiſh, and haleſome air.

Rog. Lord, man! I wonder ay, and it delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your ſlights.
How gat ye a' that ſenſe, I fain wad lear,
That I may eaſier diſappointments bear?

Pat. Frae books, the wale of books, I gat ſome ſkill;
Thae beſt can teach what's real good and ill.

Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware ſome ſtanes of cheeſe,
To gain theſe ſilent friends, that ever pleaſe.

Rog. I'll do't, and ye ſhall tell me whilk to buy:
Faith I'ſe hae books, tho' I ſhould ſell my ky.
But now let's hear how you're deſign'd to move,
Between Sir William's will, and Peggy's love.

Pat. Then here it lies:—his will maun be obey'd;
My vows I'll keep, and ſhe ſhall be my bride;
But I ſome time this laſt deſign maun hide.
Keep you the ſecret cloſe, and leave me here;
I ſent for Peggy.—Yonder comes my dear.

Rog. Pleas'd that ye truſt me wi' the ſecret, I,
To wyle it frae me, a' the de'ils defy.

Exit Roger.

PATIE ſolus.

Wi' what a ſtruggle maun I now impart
My father's will to her that hads my heart!
I ken ſhe loes; and her ſaft ſaul will ſink,
While it ſtands trembling on the hated brink
Of Diſappointment.—Heav'n ſupport my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care.—
Her eyes are red!

Enter PEGGY.

——————My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a ſhepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peg. I dar na think ſae high; I now repine
At the unhappy chance, that made nae me
A gentle match, or ſtill a herd kept thee.
Wha can, withoutten pain, ſee frae the coaſt
The ſhip that bears his all like to be loſt!
Like to be carry'd, by ſome rover's hand,
Far frae his wiſhes, to ſome diſtant land! (mains

Pat. Ne'er quarrel fate, while it wi' me re-
To raiſe thee up, or ſtill attend theſe plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own:
But love's ſuperior to a parent's frown.
I falſehood hate: come, kiſs thy cares away;
I ken to love, as weel as to obey.
Sir William's generous; leave the taſk to me,
To make ſtrict duty and true love agree. (grief:

Peg. Speak on!—ſpeak ever thus, and ſtill my
But ſhort I dare to hope the fond relief.
New thoughts a gentler face will ſoon inſpire.
That wi' nice air ſwims round in ſilk attire;
Then I, poor me! wi' ſighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my handſome
Pate;

Nae mair again to hear ſweet tales expreſt,
By the blyth ſhepherd that excell'd the reſt:
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play,
And rin haff breathleſs round the rucks of hay;
As aft-times I have fled from thee right fain,
And fa'n on purpoſe that I might be tane,
Nae mair around the *Foggy-know* I'll creep,
To watch and ſtare upon thee while aſleep.
But hear my vow—'twill help to gi'e me eaſe;
May ſudden death or deadly fair diſeaſe,
And warſt of ills, attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane, but you, I be a wife!

SANG XVI. *Woes my heart that we ſhould ſunder.*

Speak on,—ſpeak thus, and ſtill my grief;
Hold up a heart that's ſinking under
Theſe fears, that ſoon will want relief,
When Pate muſt from his Peggy ſunder;
A gentler face and ſilk attire,
A lady rich, in beauty's bloſſom,
Alake, poor me! will now conſpire,
To tear thee from thy Peggy's boſom.

No more the ſhepherd who excell'd
The reſt, whoſe wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praiſes tell;
Ah! I can die but never ſunder.

Ye meadows where we aften ſtray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet-ſcented rucks round which we played,
You'll loſe your ſweets when we're aſunder.

Again, ah! ſhall I never creep
Around the know wi' ſilent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while aſleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty?
Hear, heav'n while ſolemnly I vow,
Tho' thou ſhould prove a wand'ring lover,
Thro' life to thee I ſhall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

Pat. Sure heav'n approves—and be aſſur'd o' me,
I'll near gang back o' what I've ſworn to thee:
And time, tho' time maun interpoſe a while,
And I maun leave my Peggy and this iſle;
Yet time, nor diſtance, nor the faireſt face,
If there's a fairer, e'er ſhall fill thy place.
I'd hate my riſing fortune, ſhou'd it move
The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.
If at my feet were crowns and ſcepters laid,
To bribe my ſoul frae thee, delightfu' maid!
For thee I'd ſoon leave theſe inferior things,
To ſic as ha'e the patience to be kings.——
Wherefore that tear? believe, and calm thy mind,

Peg. I greet for joy, to hear thy words ſae kind.
When hopes were ſunk, and nought but mirk deſpair,
Made me think life was little worth my care,
My heart was like to burſt; but now I ſee
Thy gen'rous thoughts will ſave thy love for me;
Wi' patience, then, I'll wait each wheeling year,
Hope time away, till thou with joy appear;
And a' the while I'll ſtudy gentler charms,
To mak me fitter for my trav'ller's arms:
I'll gain on uncle Glaud;—he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me thru' ilk ſchool;
Where I may manners learn;———

SANG XVII. *Tweed-ſide.*

When hope was quite ſunk in deſpair,
My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthleſs my care,
But now I will ſave't for thy ſake.
Where'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image ſhall ſtay,
And my ſoul keep him ever in ſight.

With patience I'll wait the lang year,
And ſtudy the gentleſt charms;

Hope time away, till thou appear
To lock thee for ay in thoſe arms.
Whilſt thou was a ſhepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to riſe
To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For Beauty, that's only ſkin deep,
Muſt fade, like the gowans in May;
But inwardly rooted will keep
For ever, without a decay.
Nor age nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the Huſband ha'e ſenſe to approve.

Pat.——————That's wiſely ſaid;
And what he wares that way ſhall be weel paid.
Tho', without a' the little helps of art,
Thy native ſweets might gain a prince's heart:
Yet now, leſt in our ſtation we offend,
We muſt learn modes to innocence unkend;
Affect aftimes to like the thing we hate,
And drap ſerenity, to keep up ſtate:
Laugh, when we're ſad; ſpeak, when we've
nought to ſay;

And, for the faſhion, whan we're blyth, ſeem wae;
Pay compliments to them we aft hae ſcorn'd,
Then ſcandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

Peg. If this is gentry, I had rather be
What I am ſtill;—but I'll be ought wi' thee.

Pat. Na, na my Peggy, I but only jeſt
Wi' gentry's apes; for ſtill amangſt the beſt
Gude manners gi'e integrity a bleez,
When native virtues join the arts to pleaſe.

Peg. Since wi' nae hazard, and ſae ſma' expence,
My lad frae books can gather ſiccan ſenſe;
Then why, ah! why ſhould the tempeſtuous ſea
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
Sir William's cruel, that wad force his ſon,
For watna-whats, ſae great a riſk to run.

Pat. There is nae doubt but trav'ling does improve;
Yet I would ſhun it for thy ſake, my love.
But ſoon as I've ſhook of my landart caſt
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haſte.

Peg. Wi' ev'ry ſetting day, and riſing morn,
I'll kneell to heaven, and aſk thy ſafe return,
Under that tree, and on the Suckler Brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to rin and play;

And to the Hiſſel-ſhaw, where firſt ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs,
Wi' joy, that they'll bear witneſs I am yours.

SANG XVIII. *Buſh aboon Traquair.*

At ſetting day, and riſing morn,
Wi' ſoul that ſtill ſhall love thee,
I'll aſk of heav'n thy ſafe return,
Wi a' that can improve thee.
I'll viſit aft the Birken-buſh,
Where firſt thou kindly tald me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my bluſh
Whilſt round thou did infald me.

To a' our hants I will repair,
To Greenwood-ſhaw or fountain,
Or where the ſimmer-day I'd ſhare
Wi thee upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

Pat. My dear, allow me, frae thy temples fair,
A ſhining ringlet of thy flowing hair;

Which, as a ſample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kiſs and wear about my arm. (pleaſe,

Peg. Were't in my pow'r wi' better boons to
I'd gi'e the beſt I cou'd wi' the ſame eaſe;
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fall'n to me,
Been in ae jot leſs generous to thee.

Pat. I doubt it not; but ſince we've little time,
To ware't on words wad border on a crime:
Love's ſafter meaning better is expreſt,
When it's wi' kiſſes on the heart impreſt.

Exeunt.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

See how poor Bauldy ſtares like ane poſſeſt,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly reſt.
Bare-leg'd, wi' night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
See, the auld man comes forward to the ſot.

Sym. WHAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
While drowſy ſleep keeps a' beneath its pow'r?
Far to the north the ſcant approaching light
Stands equall 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye ſhake and glowr, and look ſae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like briſtles ſtand.

Baul. O len me ſoon ſome water, milk, or ale;
My head's grown giddy,—legs wi' ſhaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane:
Alake! I'll never be myſell again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon! O Symon! O!

Symon *gives him a drink.* (ado?

Sym. What ails thee, gowk! to mak ſae loud
You've wak'd Sir William; he has left his bed;
He comes, I fear, ill-pleas'd, I hear his tred.

Enter Sir WILLIAM.

S. Wil. How goes the night? does day light yet
Symon, your very timeouſly aſteer. (appear?
Sym. I'm ſorry, Sir, that we've diſturb'd your reſt:
But ſome ſtrange thing has Bauldy's ſp'rit oppreſt;
He's ſeen ſome witch, or wreſtled wi' a ghaiſt.
Baul. O ay,--dear Sir, in troth it's very true:
And I am come to make my plaint to you.

Sir WILLIAM Smiling.

I lang to hear't———
Baul.———Ah, Sir! the witch ca'd Mauſe,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
Firſt promis'd that ſhe'd help me, wi' her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart laſſie's heart.
As ſhe had tryſted, I met wi'er this night;
But may nae friend o' mine get ſic a fright!
For the curs'd hag, inſtead o' doing me good
(The very thought o't's like to frecze my blood!)
Rais'd up a ghaiſt, or de'il, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corſe, in ſheet as white as milk:

Black hands it had, and face as wan as death.
Upon me faſt the witch and it fell baith,
And gat me down; while I, like a great fool,
Was labour'd as I wont to be at ſchool.
My heart out o' its hool was like to loup;
I pithleſs grew wi' fear, and had nae hope,
Till, wi' an elritch laugh, they vaniſh'd quite:
Syne I, haff dead wi' anger, fear, and ſpite,
Crap up, and fled ſtraight frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your help to gie'e the de'il his due.
I'm ſure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
Till in a fat tar-barrel Mauſe be brunt.

S. Wil. Well, Bauldy, whate'er's juſt ſhall granted be;
Let Mauſe be brought this morning down to me:

Baul. Thanks to your honour; ſoon ſhall I obey.
But firſt I'll Roger raiſe, and twa three mae,
To catch her faſt, ere ſhe get leave to ſqueel,
And caſt her cantrips that bring up the de'il.

Exit Bauldy.

S. Wil. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's mare afraid than hurt, (ſport.
The witch and ghaiſt have made themſelves good
What ſilly notions crowd the clowded mind
That is, through want of education, blind!

Sym. But does your honour think there's nae ſic thing,
As witches raiſing de'ils up through a ring,
Syne playing tricks; a thouſand I cou'd tell,
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this ſide hell.

S. Wil. Such as, the devil's dancing in a moor
Amongſt a few old women craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoic'd to ſee him friſk and loup
O'er braes and bogs, wi' candles in his dowp;
Appearing ſometimes like a black horn'd cow,
Aft-times like Bawtys, Badrans, or a ſow:
Then wi' his train thro' airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-ſtaffs ride;
Or in an egg-ſhell ſkim out o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain:
Then aft by night bumbaſe hard hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cup-boards, chairs, and ſtools:
Whate'er's in ſpells, or if there witches be,
Such whimſies ſeem the moſt abſurd to me.

Sym. It's true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
Had either mickle ſenſe, or yet was rich;
But Mauſe, tho' poor, is a ſagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honeſt life;

That gars me think this hobleſhew that's paſt
Will land in naithing but a joke at laſt.

S. Wil. I'm ſure it will:--but ſee, increaſing light
Commands the imps of darkneſs down to night;
Bid raiſe my ſervants, and my horſe prepare,
Whilſt I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XIX. *Bonny grey-ey'd morn.*

The bonny grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
And darkneſs flies before the riſing ray:
The hearty hynd ſtarts from his lazy ſleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day;

Without a guilty ſting to wrinkle his brow:
The lark and linnet 'tend his levee,
And he joins their concert driving his plow,
From toil of grimace pageantry free.

While fluſter'd with wine, or madden'd with loſs
of half an eſtate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gameſter tumble and toſs,
Wiſhing for calmneſs and ſlumber in vain;

Be my portion health and quietneſs of mind.
Plac'd at due diſtance from parties and ſtate,

Where neither ambition nor avarice blind
Reach him who has happineſs link'd to his fate.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

While Peggy laces up her boſom fair,
Wi' a blue ſnood, Jenny binds up her hair:
Glaud by his morning ingle take a beek,
The riſing ſun ſhines motty thro' the reek;
A pipe his mouth, the laſſes pleaſe his een,
And now and then his joke maun intervene.

Gla. I Wiſh, my bairns, it may keep fair or night;
Ye dinna uſe ſae ſoon to ſee the light.
Nae doubt, now, ye intend to mix the thrang,
To tak your leave of Patrick or he gang.
But do you think, that now, whan he's a laird
That he poor landward laſſes will regard?

Jen. Tho' he's young maſter now, I'm very ſure
He has mair ſenſe than ſlight auld friends, tho' poor.
But yeſterday he ga'e us mony a tug,
And kiſs'd my couſin there frae lug to lug.

Fla, Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
But be adviſ'd, his company refrain:

Before, he as a ſhepherd ſought a wife,
Wi' her to live a chaſte and frugal life;
But now grown gentle, ſoon he will forſake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peg. A rake!—what's that?—Sure if it means ought ill,
He'll never be't; elſe I hae tint my ſkill.

Gla. Daft laſſie, ye ken nought of the affair;
Ane young and good and gentle's unco rare.
A rake's a graceleſs ſpark, that thinks nae ſhame
To do what like of us thinks ſin to name:
Sic are ſae void of ſhame, they'll never ſtap
To brag how aften they hae had the clap.
They'll tempt young things, like you, wi' youdith fluſh'd,
Syne mak ye a' their jeſt, when ye're debauch'd.
Be wary then, I ſay; and never gi'e
Encouragement, or bour'd wi' ſic as he.

Peg. Sir Williams virtuous, and of gentle blood;
And may not Patrick too, like him, be good?

Gla. That's true; and mony gentry mae than he,
As they were wiſer, better are than we;
But thinner ſawn: They're ſae puſt up wi' pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide,
That ſhaws the gate to heaven.--I've heard myſell,
Some o' them laugh at doomſday, ſin, and hell.

Jen. Watch o'er us, father! heh! that's very odd,
Sure him that doubts a doomſday, doubts a God.

Gla. Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor judge, nor think,
Nor hope, nor fear; but curſe, debauch, and drink;
But I'm no ſaying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to ſic gates will e'er be brought.

Peg. The Lord forbid! Na, he kens better things:
But here comes aunt; her face ſome ferly brings.

Enter MADGE.

Mad. Haſte, haſte ye: we're a ſent for o'er the gate,
To hear, and help to redd ſome odd debate
'Tween Mauſe and Bauldy, 'bout ſome witchcraft ſpell,
At Symon's houſe: the knight ſits judge himſell.

Gla. Lend me my ſtaff:—Madge, lock the outer-door,
And bring the laſſes wi' ye: I'll ſtep before.

Exit Glaud.

Mad. Poor Meg: look Jenny, was the like e'er ſeen?
How bleer'd and red wi' greeting look her een!

This day her brankan wooer taks his horſe,
To ſtrute a gentle ſpark at Edinburgh croſs;
To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice ſword, and glancing-headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn ſpoons, and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that ſmells like new-won hay;
To leave the geeen-ſwaird dance, when we gae milk,
To ruſtle 'mang the beauties clad in ſilk.
But Meg, poor Meg? maun wi' the ſhepherd ſtay,
And tak what God will ſend, in hodden-gray.

Peg. Dear aunt, what needs ye faſh us wi' your ſcorn?
It's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the daughter of ſome laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green.
Now ſince he riſes, why ſhou'd I repine?
If he's made for anither, he'll ne'er be mine;
And then, the like has been, if the decree
Deſigns him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Mad. A bonny ſtory trouth!—but we delay:
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Sir William fills the twa-arm'd chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Mauſe,
Attend, and wi' loud laughter hear
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cauſe:
For now it's tell'd him that the taz
Was handled by revengfu' Madge,
Becauſe he brak good-breeding's laws,
And wi' his nonſenſe rais'd their rage.

S. Wil. AND was that all! Weel, Bauldy, ye was ſerv'd
No otherwiſe than what ye well deſerv'd.
Was it ſo ſmall a matter to defame,
And thus abuſe an honeſt woman's name?
Beſides your going about to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent youug maid.

Baul. Sir, I confeſs my fault thro' a' the ſteps,
And ne'er again ſhall be untrue to Neps.

Mau. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the ſcore,
I kend na that they thought me ſic before.

Baul. An't like your honour, I believ'd it weel;
But trowth I was e'en doilt to ſeek the de'il:

Yet, wi' your honour's leave, tho' ſhe's nae witch,
She's baith a ſlee and a revengfu'——
And that my ſome-place finds:—but I had beſt
Had in my tongue; for yonder comes the ghaiſt,
And the young bonny witch, whoſe roſie cheek,
Sent me, without my wit, the de'il to ſeek.

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

Sir WILLIAM, *looking at* PEGGY.

Whoſe daughter's ſhe that wears th' Aurora gown,
With face ſo fair, and looks a lovely brown:
How ſparkling are her eyes! what's this? I find
The girl brings all my ſiſter to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too ſoon depriv'd of ſweeteſt grace.
Is this your daughter, Glaud!——

Gla.——Sir, ſhe's my niece,—
And yet ſhe's not:—But I ſhou'd hald my peace.

S. Wil. This is a contradiction; Whatd' ye mean?
She is and is not! pray thee, Glaud, explain.

Gla. Becauſe I doubt, if I ſhou'd mak appear
What I ha'e kept a ſecret thirteen years—

Mau. You may reveal what I can fully clear

S. Wil. Speak ſoon; I'm all impatience—
Pat,——————So am I!
For much I hope, and hardly yetknow why.
Gla. Then, ſince my maſters orders, I obey.—
This bonny fundling, ae clear morn of May,
Cloſs by the lee ſide of my door I found,
All ſweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
In infant-weeds of rich and gentle make.
What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forſake?
Wha, warſe than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to (air
Sae much of innocence, ſae ſweetly fair,
Sae helpleſs young? for ſhe appear'd to me
Only about twa towmands auld to be.
I took her in my arms; the barnie ſmil'd
Wi' ſic a look, wad made a ſavage mild.
I hid the ſtory: She has paſt ſincefyne
As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine.
Nor do I rue my care about the wean.
For ſhe's weel worth the pains that I ha'e tane.
Ye ſee ſhe's bonny; I can ſwear ſhe's good,
And am right ſure ſhe's come of gentle blood:
Of whom I kenna.——Naething mair,
Than what I to your Honour now declare.
S. Wil. This tale ſeems ſtrange!——
Pat.——————The tale delights mine ear

S. Wil. Command your joys, young man, till truth appear. (huſh;

Mau. That be my taſk.—Now, Sir, bid a' be
Peggy may ſmile; —thou haſt nae cauſe to bluſh;
Lang ha'e I wiſh'd to ſee this happy day,
That I might ſafely to the truth gi'e way;
That I may now Sir William Worthy name,
The beſt and neareſt friend that ſhe can claim:
He ſaw't at firſt, and wi' quick eye did trace
His ſiſter's beauty in her daughter's face.

S. Wil. Old woman, do not rave;—prove what you ſay;
'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

Pat. What reaſon, Sir, can an auld woman have
To tell a lie, when ſhe's ſae near her grave?
But how, or why, it ſhou'd be truth, I grant
I every thing looks like a reaſon want.

Omnes. The ſtory's odd! we wiſh we heard it out.

S. Wil. Make haſte, good woman, and reſolve each doubt.

Mauſe *goes forward leading* Peggy *to Sir* William.

Mau. Sir, view me weel: has fifteen years ſo plow'd
A wrinkled face that you have often view'd,

That here I as an unknown ſtranger ſtand,
Who nurſt her mother that now holds my hand?
Yet ſtronger proofs I'll gi'e, if you demand.

S. Wil. Ha? honeſt nurſe, where were my eyes before?
I know thy faithfulneſs, and need no more;
Yet, from the lab'rinth to lead out my mind,
Say, to expoſe her, who was ſo unkind?

Sir William *embraces* Peggy, *and makes her ſit by him.*

Yes, ſurely thou'rt my niece; truth muſt prevail:
But no more words, till Mauſe relate her tale.

Pat. Good nurſe, gae on; nae muſic's haff ſae fine,
Or can gie pleaſure like theſe words of thine.

Mau. Then it was I that ſav'd her infant-life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The ſtory's lang but I the ſecret knew,
How they purſued, wi' avaricious view,
Her rich eſtate, of which they're now poſſeſt:
All this to me a confident confeſt.
I heard wi' horror, and wi' trembling dread,
They'd ſmoor the ſakeleſs orphan in her bed!
That very night, when a' were ſunk in reſt,
At midnight-hour, the floor I ſaftly preſt,

And ſtole the ſleeping innocent away;
Wi' whom I travell'd ſome few miles ere day:
All day I hid me;—when the day was done,
I kept my journey lighted by the moon.
Till eaſtward fifty miles I reach'd theſe plains,
Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerfu' ſwains;
Afraid of being found out, I to ſecure
My charge, e'en laid her at this ſhepherd's door,
And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er ſhou'd happen to her, might be by.
Here honeſt Glaud himſell, and Symon, may
Remember weel, how I that very day,
Frae Roger's father took my little crove.
Glaud *with tears of joy hoping down his beard*,
I weel remember't: Lord reward your love:
Lang ha'e I wiſh'd for this: for aft I thought
Sic knowledge ſometime ſhou'd about be brought.
Pat. It's now a crime to doubt;—my joys are full,
Wi due obedience to my parent's will.
Sir, wi' paternal love ſurvey her charms,
And blame me not for ruſhing to her arms.
She's mine by vows; and wou'd, tho' ſtill unknown,
Have been my wife, when I my vows durſt owa.

S. Wil. My niece! my daughter! welcome to my care;
Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair,
Equal with Patrick. Now my greateſt aim
Shall be, to aid your joys, and well match'd-flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.
Patie *and* Peggy *embrace, and kneel to Sir* William.

Pat. Wi' as much joy this bleſſing I receive,
As ane wad life, that's ſinking in a wave.

Sir WILLIAM *raiſes them.*

I give you both my bleſſing: May your love
Produce a happy race, and ſtill improve.

Peg. My wiſhes are complete.—my joys ariſe,
While I'm haff dizzy wi' the bleſt ſurpriſe.
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me ſo much generous kindneſs had?
Lang may Sir William bleſs the happy plains,
Happy while heaven grant he on them remains.

Pat. Be lang our guardian, ſtill our maſter be,
We'll only crave what you ſhall pleaſe to gi'e:
Th' eſtate be yours, my Peggy's ane to me.

Gla. I hope your honour now will tak amends
Of them that ſought her life for wicked ends.

S. Wil. The baſe unnatural villain ſoon ſhall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below.
I'll ſtrip him ſoon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburſe his ill-got gains.

Peg. To me the views of wealth, and an eſtate,
Seem light, when put in balance wi my Pate:
For his ſake only, I'll ay thankfu' bow
For ſuch a kindneſs, beſt of men, to you.

Sym. What double blythneſs wakens up this day?
I hope now, Sir, you'll no ſoon haſte away.
Shall I unſaddle yonr horſe, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow;
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:
Even Bauldy the bewitch'd has quite forgot
Fell Madge's taz, and pawky Mauſe's plot.

S. Wil. Kindly old man, remain with you this day,
I never from theſe fields again will ſtray:
Maſons and wrights ſhall ſoon my houſe repair,
And buſy gard'ners ſhall new planting rear;
My father's hearty table you ſoon ſhall ſee
Reſtor'd, and my beſt friends rejoice with me.

Sym. That's the beſt news I heard this twenty years;
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Gla. God ſave the king, and ſave Sir William lang,
T' enjoy their ain, and raiſe the ſhepherds ſang.

Rog. Wha winna dance? wha will refuſe to ſing
What ſhepherd's whiſtle winna hit the ſpring?

Baul. I'm friends wi' Mauſe,--wi' very Madgel'm
Altho' they ſkelpit me when woodly flied: ('gree'd,
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and ſing *Lang may Sir* William *live.*

Mad. Lang may he live:--and, Bauldy, learn to
Your gab a wee, and think before ye ſpeak; (ſteek
And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
This day I'll wi' the youngeſt of ye rant,
And brag for ay, that I was ca'd the aunt
Of our young lady,—my dear bonny bairn!

Peg. Nae ither name I'll ever for you learn.—
And, my good nurſe, how ſhall I gratefu' be,
For a' thy matchleſs kindneſs done to me?

Mau. The flowing pleaſures of this happy day
Does fully all I can require repay.

S. Wil. To faithful Symon, and kind Glaud, }
And to your heirs, I give an endleſs feu, (to you, }
The mailens ye poſſeſs, as juſtly due,

For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough beſides, and theſe can ſpare.
Mauſe, in my houſe in calmneſs cloſe your days
With nought to do but ſing your maker's praiſe.

Omnes. The Lord of heaven return your honour's love,
Confirm your joys, and a' your bleſſings roove.

PATIE, *preſenting* Roger *to* Sir William,

Sir, here's my truſty friend, that always ſhar'd
My boſom-ſecrets, e're I was a laird;
Glaud's daughter Jannet (Jenny, thinkna ſhame)
Rais'd, and maintains in him a lover's flame:
Lang was he dumb; at laſt he ſpake, and won,
And hopes to be our honeſt uncle's ſon:
Be pleas'd to ſpeak to Glaud for his conſent,
That nane may wear a face of diſcontent. (crave,

S. Wil. My ſon's demand is fair.—Glaud, let me
That truſty Roger may your daughter have,
With frank conſent; and while he does remain
Upon theſe fields, I make him chamberlain.

Gla. You crowd your bounties, Sir: what can we ſay,
But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay;
Whate'er your honour wills, I ſhall obey.

Roger, my daughter, wi' my bleſſing, tak,
And ſtill our maſter's right your buſineſs mak.
Pleaſe him, be faithfu', and this auld gray head
Shall nod wi' quietneſs down amang the dead.

Rog. I ne'er was good at ſpeaking a' my days,
Or ever loo'd to mak o'er great a fraiſe:
But for my maſter, father, and my wife,
I will employ the cares of a' my life.

S. Wil. My friends, I'm ſatisfy'd you'll all be-have,
Each in his ſtation, as I'd wiſh or crave.
Be ever virtuous; ſoon or late you'll find
Reward, and ſatisfaction to your mind.
The maze of life ſometimes looks dark and wild;
And oft when hopes are higheſt, we're beguil'd:
Oft when we ſtand on brinks of dark deſpair,
Some happy turn, with joy, diſpels our care.
Now all's at rights, who ſings beſt, let me hear.

Peg. When you demand, I readieſt ſhould obey:
I'll ſing you ane the neweſt that I hae.

SANG XIX. *Corn Riggs are bonny.*

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy:
His breath is ſweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy.

His ſhape is handſome, middle ſize;
He's comely in his wauking:
The ſhining of his een ſurpriſe;
It's heaven to hear him tauking.

Laſt night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing:
There mony a kindly word he ſpake,
That ſet my heart a-glowing.
He kiſs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me beſt of ony;
That gars me like to ſing ſinſyne,
O corn-rigs are bonny.

Let laſſes of a ſilly mind
Refuſe what maiſt they're wanting!
Since we for yielding are deſign'd,
We chaſtly ſhould be granting.
Then I'll comply, and marry PATE;
And ſyne my cockernony
He's free to touzel air or late,
Where corn-rigs are bonny.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.